

THEORIO
HYMNO
TOBACI

LOND.
1651

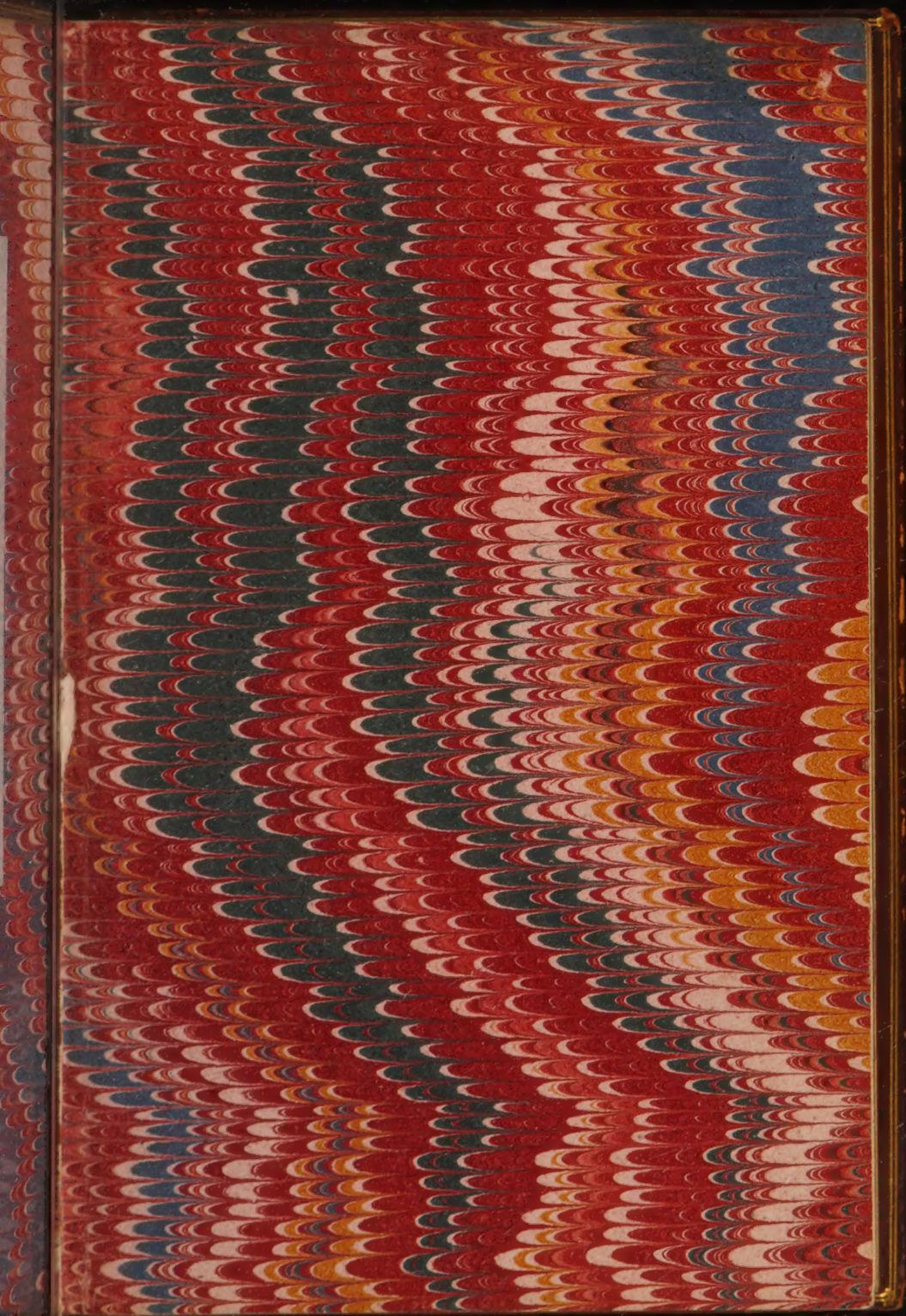








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Contains 6th English Edition
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James J. Bell

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THORIOS

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infigia

HYMNVS TABACI;

A

POEM

In honour of

TABACO.

Heroically Composed

B Y

RAPHAEL THORIVS:

Made English by

PETER HAUSTED

M^r of Arts CAMB.

L O N D O N,

Printed by T.N. for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to
be sold at his shop at the sign of the *Princes*
Arms in *S^t Pauls Churchyard*, 1651.

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LUDOWIC à KINSCHOT,
To the READER.

IT is almost two yeers, (Curteous Reader) since this Elegant Poem of Tabaco, by some notwithstanding either through negligence or ignorance main'd and mangled, came to our hands. Which being approv'd by men of most learned judgments, I thought it was in no wise longer by me to be suppress'd. But a perfect copy being hitherto wanting, I blush'd not to require it of the Author; although at that time I was altogether unacquainted with him. Who, as he is most loving and Curteous,

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A 2

TO THE READER.

ous, soon subscrib'd to our petition. He therefore sent me a copy, partly more adorn'd, and partly more augmented: With which he also sent other companions full of wit and pleasantness. These were certain letters, which to set in place of a preface, will be neither strange from the argument of the book, or our intention. For it is far from me to arrogate to my self the labours of another man. The Author therefore of this work is Raphael Thorius, whom as he is a Physitian famous, if any at this day, so is he also no vulgar Poet. The Argument indeed seems light, but what is handled by such a Physitian, doth not onely delight, but teach; unless any man will object against the Siphylide of Fracastorius, who by

am

TO the READER.

*an argument almost infamous got to
himself so great a name. Thou shalt
here see the invention of Tabaco a-
scrib'd to Bacchus; how fitly, they can-
not be ignorant, who as the Poet saith,*

*Plerunque alternis admiscent po-
cula fumis.*

*Be favourable therefore Curteous
Reader, to this work, and enjoy it, and
when thou dost recreate thy minde with rea-
ding it, remember the common Verse,*

*Ufus habet laudem, crimen abu-
sus habet.*

LUD. à KINSCHOT.



RAPHAEL THORIUS

To

LUDOWIC à KINSCHOT.

FOr so great a benefit I give my utmost
thanks most renowned Sir, not to you a-
lone but to those great men also, Rutger-
sius, and Heinsius, by whose liberality
and your own I have been so spendidly en-
tertain'd: not as a stranger, but as the fa-
miliar Parish Priest, intending perhaps
with my conceits to add unto your merriment.
I never thought Apollo had bequeath'd so
good an omen to this little Poem, as to
make it acceptable to such palats, or that
indeed it would have become the age of six-
teen yeers being rashly put forth, unwarily
under-

The EPISTLE.

undertak'n, and without care composed. Notwithstanding since by its own good fate, it hath found such courteous entertainment; I will neither take from it the benefit of its own happy genius, nor deceive your expectation. But shall be rather liberal to those who are liberal, joyning a younger brother to it, something better habited: Both I freely offer to the judgements both of your self, and those before mentioned. Send it to the Press when you think best convenient: but being abroad, cherish it; be favourable also to the father, and defend against the censure of severe Cato's, an old man playing among children. But that I have given to you what to other friends hath been denied, the place and persons are sufficient reasons: for here it is a crime to be a Poet, neither is he accounted wise that after the

THE EPISTLE.

first appearance of his beard, sleeps in Per-
nassus: (otherwise is your opinion, to whom
the Muses in gray haire are acceptable, and
who easily acquit Sophocles, his Tragedy
being read, from the accusation of madness;
Moreover, being in this kind of learning e-
steem'd Princes, not undeservedly ye sustain
the part of Judges, no man daring to contra-
dict your sentence. And this doth also com-
fort me in throwing so hazardous a die,
that what you have once approved, no man
will venture to disprove. But to you, the
best of men, I give many and particular
thanks, that being in face unknown, you
abounded in so much friendship toward me,
that you thought me worthy of your love,
and lastly have undertaken the care of this
infant and helpless Poem: Which to requite,
I can onely subscribe to your requests and
remain

THE EPISTLE.

remain a willing observer of your commands. I send you therefore the first hymn corrected, to which, more furniture being added, I have joyn'd the second. Although I had rather intitle them a book than a hymn : I should more carefully excuse the lightness of the subject, were not the argument sutable to my art : However it be, I never shall repent to appear upon the scene with such authorities. Your elegant Epigram I shall be glad to see in the front, to the ornament both of the Work and of the Work-man ; who, in the threshold of our friendship, gives you his hand as the pledge of his eternal fidelity. Farewel.

London, Febr. 18.

1625.

Omnibus



Omnibus Pæti-Sugis.

MOrbifugæ vires planta, miracula stirpis
Cælitus ostensa, partes diducit in omnes
Thorius, & primo fumos orditur ab ovo.
Vos quibus ad Patum vigilanti stertere naso,
Fumigerisque placet replere vaporibus auras,
Ore favete omnes. Cælo delabitur alto
Planta beata, udo non aspernanda cerebro;
Scilicet in medijs habitat vis enthea fumis,
Et parvo ingentes clauduntur cortice vires.
Ludicra narrantur; sed & hæc quoque seria ducunt
Veraque sub fîcto latitat sapientia Pæto.

LUD. à KINSCHOT

*In Patologiam
Doctissimi Raph. Thorij
D. M.*

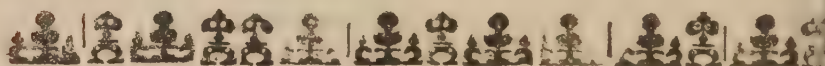
Amici intimi.

*Q*uod jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Quod fumos bibit omnis ager, bibit omnis ab Aula
Ad caulam fumosa domus, quod pascere fumos
Fumosos equitum cum Dictatore magistros,
Quod pueros fumare juvat, fumare puellas,
Mollius indignor : quin tecum ignosco puellis
Et pueris, aulis, caulis, equitumque Magistris.
Prime pater Peti, fumantum gloria, THORI,
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Sedule ; Te pratore magis lippire decenter
Quam lachrymâ ridente putant ; jucunda cuique
Te Medico tussis cui nec pituita molesta est,
Creditur instantes membris emungere morbos.
At mihi quod sacra latet in vertigine multo
Precipuum est ; Hos te calices fecisse disertum :

Hæc

*Hæc aliquid certe fumo facundia debet.
 Facundi calices, felix vertigo, saliva
 Nobilis, insignes lachryma, gratissima tussis.
 Me quoque, si parcè videor laudare merentes
 Insolitas calicumque super præconia laudes,
 Me quoque vicinis afflatum credite fumis,
 Et sicco titubare mero; brevis iste futurus
 Est furor: exierit sensim vesaxia primi
 Turbinis, aggrediar stabilis de nare tepenti
 Fundere cum fumis quæ vos per sæcula vectent
 Verba, vetentque mori, nolint Jovis ira vel ignes.*

*Profumi! sed & hic furor est; ignoscite vobis,
 Fumosoque mihi: cessem fumare, tacebo
 Sobrius, & sapiam, labris encomia, linguâ,
 Dentibus occludam: quid enim, si THORIUS unum
 Arguit ipse sui reliquum fecisse stuporem?*

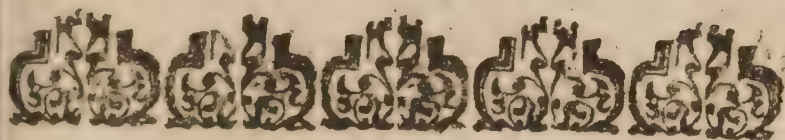


IN EANDEM.

CArmina sputantur fumi potoribus, audi
 Massilia si quem fumea vina juvant,
 THORIUS exemplo docuit spumantia multum
 Pocula, fumantes omnia posse tubos.

CONSTANTER

TABACON



TABACO.

BOOK I.

OF harmlesse Bowles I mean to sing the praise,
 And th'Herb which doth the Poets fancy raise;
 Aid me, O *a Phœbus*; Thee I do invoke.
 Fill me a Pipe (boy) of that lusty smoke,
 That I may drink the *God* into my brain,
 And so inabled, write a buskin'd strain;
 For nothing great or high can come from thence,
 Where that *blest Plant* denies his influence.

No Mortal had the honour to descry
 This noble Herb first, but a *Deity*;
 'Twas found by *Bacchus*, when the God wound up
 To his true height, by his *own charming Cup*,

a I make bold to change the Poets Patron, & instead of Sir *W.*
addie, to intitle *Phœbus* to it.

Led

Led th' *Indians* forth under the warlike ^b *Spear*
 Whose glittering head an *Ivy Twine* did wear;
 And the all-Sovereign Weed being found out thus
 Too late (alas) hath been made known to us.

The twice-born *Liber* seeing that his *Foes*
 (Whom the parch'd desert Cliffs as yet inclose)
 Had furious war begun, with hot alarms,
 Doth call his Ivy-crowned troops to arms,
 And the swift *Lynxes* to be yoak'd, commands ;¹
 The great *Bassarides* in order'd bands,
 March with their valiant Leader to the Field;
 And all his *furious Priests* obedience yeild
 To his behests, and follow : nor yet will
^c *Silenus* (though grown old) at home sit still.
 The Drudges and the Carriages go next,
 And amongst them is led (" an ample Text,
 For *Antiquaries* to glosse on) the sage
Silenus faddle-*Asse*, grown lame with age ;
 The fearfull *Indians* here and there do fly ;
 And while they sought their flying enemy,
 The weary Troops having too long in vain
 Wandred about upon the sandy Plain,

^b *Thyrus*, or a spear wound about with Ivy was the Ensign of *Bacchus* as the Club of *Hercules*, the Trident of *Neptune*, &c. And this may seem to be given to him Emblematically to shew us, that Wine does secretly wound, carrying a *Cuspis*, a sting, or sharp and pointed weapon hid under the Ivy leaves, the pleasure of drinking it and behold it dancing and sparkling in the glasse. ^c The Foster Father to *Bacchus* whom the Poets feign to be the Superintendent or Governour of Satyrs.

Grow faint, and their provisions all are spent,
And *Bacchus* wants what he himself first lent
Unto us Men, the liquor of the *Vine*.

Pity that he who gave, should e're lack *Wine*!)
The old mans Vessel too being quite drawn dry,
Does in his Chariot overturned ly.

The *Menades* and *Satyrs*, and the rout
Of untam'd youth (impatient of the drought)
Do wound the intrals of their Mother Earth,
Longing to see some gentle spring gush forth.
But all in vain, necessity makes them bold
To taste the salt drink; their own bladder hold
Unnatural draughts! but yet such is their woe,
That those unnatural draughts do fail them too.
O Tyrant-like, Thirst in their bodies reigns,
All moisture does forsake their dried veins.

The sterner face of horror now controuls
The sinking Troops; Some breathe their toasted souls
Out of their reeking jaws; others are found
To borrow supplies from their mutual own wound;
Who finding too those Fountains to grow dry,
In a despair drink their last Cup and dy.

While thus the Army is about to fall,
And generall death is threatned over all,
A Courteous Vale, which not far off did lie,
Presents a fair hope to the fainting Eie;

d Silenus. *e* Furious women, who served in the sacrifices of *Bacchus*;
f The first finding of *Tabaco*.

An

An obscure *Herbage* shews a doubtful face,
 Confused made by distance of the place.
 At which the nimble-sighted *Evius* cri'd,
 O my companions, let's awhile abide :
 Why with disgrace should we forsake the Field ?
 Yon neighbour-Vale will us wish'd succour yeild
 These words applyed Balsame to their sore, (forced
 And made them close those veins they broach'd be
 Which having done with slow, yet labour'd pace,
 (As weaknesse would permit) they reach the place
 And being there, behold a *Wood* o're spread
 With vast *thick leaves*, lifts up its brisking hea
 Offering his aid, " a wel-grown Plant, and tall,
 Which we of later times *Tabaco* call.

Bacchus o're-joy'd, salutes the *powerful Weed*,
 Hail thou that art our help in greatest need;
 I do acknowledge thee a gift Divine,
 And of near kindred to that * *Tree* of mine.
 More he had said, but that his followers deaf
 Unto such Courtship, pluck the long'd-for leaf,
 Which they betwixt their green-di'd teeth do bite
 And with it flake their barking appetite.
 Not so, *Silenus* : many years had made
 Him wiser far, to taste he is afraid :
 Not his own ill, the danger of his Mates
 Shall teach the vertue of their *new-found Cates*.

* The Vine.

Nor is it long before th' event discries
 The uncouth power that in *Tabaco* lies ; (tell,)
 Through the whole Camp (a wondrous thing to
 Like drunken men, they vomited and fell.
 The Earth doth seem to glide in Circlewise,
 * *Copernicus* from hence learnt his device,)
 And their sick brains beleieve the Heavens in love
 To meet the rising Earth, do downwards move.
 A most invincible desire of sleep
 Doth seize them all ; the Goat-foot *Satyrs* keep
 Lowd snortings on the Lands, and by their side
 The *Mimallous* (or femall Priests) abide
 Lock'd up in Silence, (in a happy hower.
 Most blessed Drug, hadst thou no other power?)
 But this not long : New life and Spirits apace
 Run back t'inform each member, and do chase
 Dull drowfinesse from them ; now again they rise,
 Their feet are firm, lightning comes frō their eies.
 With brawny arms they shake the *leavy Spear*,
 And with loud cries do wish the Foe were near.
Silenus sees, and wonders to behold
 Th' *infeebled* Host so suddenly grown bold ;

*Whose opinion is, that the Sun stands still, and the Earth (being
 one of the Planets) moves. f The women-Priests of *Bacchus* spoken
 of before : so called from the mountain *Mimas* sacred to *Bacchus* ; or
 (as others) from the Gr. word *μιμῶδης*, to imitate ; because it was
 their use (carrying horns and spears wrapt about with Ivy in their
 hands) to imitate his expedition into *India*.

O my good Friends, he cries, we came not hither
 Without some *God propitious* to us; neither
 Let us forget still to confesse the same,
 And sing just praises to great *Bacchus* name.
 Nor let us be ashamed now to call
Tabaco our *Health*, our *Spirit*, our *Life*, our *All*;
 Who but for that had fell, for ought we know,
 A sacrifice to the insulting Foe;
 The weak unto the powerful; and so wee
 Had yeilded them a bloudlesse victorie:
 But let them now come on, and they shall find
 Our strength grown great, to that as great a mind.
 Yet let us carefull be; though we have gain'd
 A Gift from Heav'n, it must not be profan'd
 By blind and ignorant usage: for this know,
 If old *Silennus* any skil does owe
 To his gray hairs, some secret *poison* lies
 In the rare *Plant*, hid from our outward eies.
 Trust not the green juice then unto your Maw,
 Eat not the Leaf, there's danger in it raw:
Phæbus shall cook it for us, so we may (ray
 Take wholesome draughts purg'd by his searching
 For sure kind *Nature*, if we may be bold
 So far her *Cabinet-Councils* to unfold,
 Invented it a *Banquet* for the *Brain*,
 Not for the *Belly*. Let each lusty Swain
 Rub the *dri'd herb* then 'twixt his hands; w^{ch} done
 And hous'd in *Pipes*, let us intreat the Sun

To fire it for us, that the *warm Cloud* may
(Being *subtle* grown, and apt to find the way)
With the more ease the *winding Stair* obtain,
Which leads unto the *Chamber* of the *Brain*.

Silenus thus commanded, they obey;
Part of the *Satyrs* without all delay
Prepare the *Canes*, and some the *Leaves* do break-
Into a dust-like substance; others take
The *Pipes* and fill them, nothing now but fire
Is wanting to them; which they all desire.
The old & Man from his *Wallet* draws a *Glasse*
Which in old time the quaint invention was
Of bold *Prometheus*, when (to get a name)
He from Heav'n's *Furnace* stole th' *Eternall Flame*.
Lo, here is fire, he saith; that said, he lays
Dry'd *Leaves* together; and that done, assays
To catch the *Sun-beams*; to those leaves applies
His *Glasse*, which *round* does from the *Center* rise.
The darted rays like to sword points, do wound
The yeilding *fewel* on the parched ground;
Heat by degrees steals in, and lodges there,
Whence *Smoke* is sent to tell that fire is neare.
The *Satyrs* all applaud him, and do bear
Their * *Master* on their *Shoulders*, up they rear
Their voices to the stars: but th' old *Sire* first
Adventures with the *Pipe* to quench his thirst.

g *Silenus*, * *Silenus*.

From thence he gently sucks a *precious Cloud*,
Which his wide nostrils vent again : aloud
The *Satyrs* laugh; but he fill'd with delight
To taste the sudden sweetnesse, findes new might
Disperst through his whole body, like as when
Crown'd Bowls do adde quick Spirits unto men.
Moisture returns into his mouth; no more
Salt thirst or bitter hunger (as before)
Afflicts him; onely a short giddinesse
Makes his legs fail, and temperate sweat does dresse
His face in pearly drops : but yet not long,
They vanish, he remains unhurt and strong.

Under the Covert of the cooling shade, (made,
Which by the thick-leav'd *Indian plant* was
Silenus lays him down, and being there,
Began to tell how Sciences first were
Made known to Mortals; and most liberall
Of the rich treasure of his mind, does fall
To speak of Natures Secrets, and rare powers,
So with sweet talk cheating the slow-pac'd howers.

The youthfull *Crue* do imitate their *Syre*,
And their *Tabaco* in their *Pipes* they fire;
But yet unskill'd to *nose* it right, it rears
A *Coughing*, not without some grievefull *tears*.
While merry thus they sport them on the grasse,
Behold, their *Messengers*, who long (alasse)
Had been expected, do return, and bring
Plenty of *Wine* and *Viſuals* to their *King*

And

And *Camp*, at which *Eccho's* of joy do tear
With loud and pleasant notes the passive air.
Their *Pipes* they tune to *song*, and *high* in mirth,
Low they do bow their knees towards the Earth
Unto the *Men* which did the *Bottles* bring: (*ring*)
(*' Such petulant Sport through the whole Host did*
Nor yet the *old mans* lame and crazie Ass
Being return'd, can unsaluted passe.
With *junkets* first, next they do chear their Souls
With lusty *Wines*, *Checkering* their *Pipes* & *Bowls*.
All things are fill'd with Smoak, songs, dances, cries;
Till midnight pours sweet sleep into their eyes.

The *Morn* no sooner with her *rosie wing*,
Had fann'd cool air upon them, but their *King*,
The carefull *Bacchus*, summons them to rise:
The like does good *Silennus*, and applies
Sage counsell to the Army, who the night
Before had been steeped in soft delight.
Enough, my friends, enough, y' have given the reign
To *Wine* and *Mirth*, be now your selves again;
Call back your wonted Anger to your brow,
And think of nought but *Wars* and *Conquest* now.
Compose your Arms then to a present Fight,
The Foe is near perhaps, though out of sight;
In order'd ranks march on; but first take heed
To store your selves with our *new precious Weed*,
Made ready for your *Pipes*, your *Pipes* made fit
Unto your mouths, with *fire* to kindle it,

And suddenly with this prodigious face
Of *smoke* and horreur, we the *Foe* shall chase.
Be men, and doubt not but eternall Fame
Shall Trumpet unto after-times, your name.

This said, with nimble diligence they all
Strive who shall first obey their *Generall*;
Who by this time is in his Chariot, prest
For Action, eminent above the rest:
And by his Chariot (slowly as he can)
The unkemb'd *Asse* carries the good ^h old man;
For war unmeet, yet eloquent, and fit ^h *Silens.*
For sage advice, when dangers call for it.
The numerous Host with equall wings does fly,
And with stout spirits wish for th' Enemy,
Who is at hand; for presently * *he rears* * *The enemy.*
Over the neighbour Hill his growing *Spears*.
The bloud begins to boyl in *Bacchus* brest,
Some shake their *brazen Timbrels*, and the rest
Beat up their warlike Drums: but all combine
To *whet* their *resty anger* with good *Wine*.
Their ready *Pipes* are *fir'd*, and with their breath,
They cast a mist before the face of death:
Breathing out fire and smoak, they forward goe
In Equipage to meet the coming Foe. ^{* The ene-}
A sudden fear and trembling does possess ^{mies of}
Th' affrighted * *Indians*, who suppose no less ^{*Bacchus.*}
Then the dire sooty powers of *Hell* to bee
Marching against them: part of their Army *flee*,
And

And wisely wary, fearing future harms,
Trust rather to their *Legs*, then to their *Arms* :
Some do for mercy crave, and without stroke,
Submit their willing necks unto the yoke :
But quickly (though too late) their eyes grow clear,
To see their errour and their *Panick fear*.

As ham'd to be deluded so, they cry,
They *blush* and *sigh* for their *lost liberty*. (*cheer ?*

But *Bacchus* cheers them " whom cannot *Bacchus*

So temper'd with a sweetness he doth bear
His awfull Majesty, that they grow glad
By such a hand so to be vanquished ;
One day doth see, (" as they would mingle souls,)
The *Victors* and the *Conquer'd* mingling *Bowles*
Without all difference, as if equally
They both had *sacrific'd* to *Victory*.

The Wine grows busie, and betwixt each Cup
(" As in a Play 'twixt th' Acts) their *Pipes* strike up;
They do admire their native *Herb*, but yet
Grieve they no sooner knew the use of it. (ther,
Thus they with *Smoke* their inward *Cares* do smother,
And so by one Cloud do expel another.

Thence was the famous *Plant* at first made known
To men; and thus have I it's Cradle shown.

What vertues in the *noble Weed* do rest,
What *Constitutions* it agrees with best,
And what *diseases* it will cure, is now
Thy Task, my *Muse*. " Rub my contracted brow,

And waken all the heat that's in my Brain,
To adde a *Genius* to another Strain.

Tabaco King of Plants I well may call; *Tabaco the*
Others have *single* vertues, this hath *all*. *Catholike*
medicine.

All Herbs to him do loyall homage yeild,
The vanquish'd *Hellebore* leaves him the *Field*,
The loos'ning *Rhubarb* too, and merry *Vine*,
The *Balsam* good for wounds, the *Beans* for swine;
Field *Penny-Royal* which the mind does chear,
And *Poppy*, which a heavy head doth wear.
O the great goodness of the Gods, who set
So rich a *Jem* in a small *Cabinet* !

Whose seed, though small as dust or atomes light,
Deceiving both the touch and nimble sight,
Like a thick wood strait covers all the fields,
And surest aid in doubtful sickness yeilds ;
Of which effects who seeks the cause to know,
A labour difficult doth undergo :
For whether a salt mixture do abound,
This Plants admired substance to compound;
Or whether nature grown more liberall,
Her richest bounties on this Herb let fall :
Or that each Countries various situation,
The soil or seasons cause the alteration ;
Or that it have an inbred sympathie
With young and aged tempers to agree,
In natures secret bosome lies conceal'd,
Nor is by humane studies yet reveal'd ;

Yet

et by examples, if we may advance
to search the winding ways of ignorance :
first, to dissolve the whole into like parts,
perhaps may give some light to future Arts,
Whereby at length the discontented mind,
If not the truth, Truth's image yet may find.

What ever is in *Nature* which doth fall
Under the power of *Taste*, men *Salt* do call ;
Which is twofold; or that which doth inhere
In the corporeal Mass, and dwelleth there,
From which not subtle *Vulcans* looser flame,
With all the art he hath, can wooe the same,
But couchant in the *Ashes* doth remain,
From whence it doth the name of *fixed* gain : Fixed
Or else that *lighter fugitive*, that flies Salt.
With the kind Smoke up towards the airy Skies.

" With which we see in candles pointed flames,
(On whited seilings drunkards write their names)
To this our learnedest Physicians give
The name of *Flying Salt*, or *Fugitive*. Flying Salt.

Nor must we forget how the teeming *Earth*,
Pregnant with much salt mixture, giveth birth
To her dear Off-spring, from whose womb is sent
To every Plant his proper nutriment ;

" The hand of Nature ordering things so well,) Hence have the *fruits* their *taste*, the *flowers* their
In whose dark Caverns most confused lies (*smell*.
The bitter *Nitre* imitating Ice ;

Foun-

Fountains of *Sulphur* here a place does claime,
 There Brimstone cozen Germane to the flame,
 With deadly Arsnick, here Quick-silver flowes,
 Which is resolv'd with hurt of Head and Nose:
 Sharp *Coppras*, and these Elements among
 The biting *Alome* that contracts the tongue;
 With many more, from whose large *Fountains*
 That great diversity of *Taste* in Things. (sprim

If there be any now who fain would know
 To which of all these *Tabaco* doth owe
 It's *Birth* and *Vertues*, he with ease may see
 It from the ^a *Brimstone* draws his *Pedigree*.
 For who is he so blind, but well may gather,
 Seeing the *Childe*, who 'tis that is the *Father*?
 Both ^b fat, both smelling strong, both do inheri
 An *ambitious* height fed by a *nitrous spirit*,
 Equally sharp, they both hold fast amain,
 Both loving fire, "and are belov'd again.
 Rub't with thy hand, "to recompence that toy
 In gratitude it bribes thee with an *Oyl*:

^c *Green Wounds* it closeth with a safe delay,
 And from the *ulcer'd*, drives the *filth* away;
 A quick and *vigorous Taste* it doth beget,
 And in the mouth it leaves a *lasting heat*:

^a *Tabaco*. The *Pedigree*. I am conscious that *Bitumen* is not properly Brimstone, but a fat clay, clammy like pitch, of the nature of Brimstone: but because I know not in our English tongue one which can fully & truly expresse it; therefore I am bold to borrow the name of one of his nearest kindred. ^b The Symptoms. ^c The Vertues.

soveraign, if diffused, is the smell,
doth Contagion from bad aires expell.
The *heavy head* it hath a power to *rear*,
And with smart sneezings makes the *nostrils clear*.
Once turn'd to airy vapour by the flame,
With that *active salt*, whose pride does aim
At heavenly Towers, it climbs the Capitoll,
Where like a Goddess sits the *humane soul*;
There gives supplies to the *exhausted brain*,
And makes the *drowsie minds* grow quick again.
Thou glory of the Earth, a gift from Heaven,
Most happy Plant, who wer't not only given
To refresh the *Pesants limbs*, whom toyl and sweat
Have weary made, or kill the love of meat;
Nor yet t' infuse without the help of food
Into decayed Nerves new strength, new bloud;
But hast a nobler office; thou art Eyes
To the dark mind, a Lantern to the wise,
When e're a sudden night the brains possesse
By too much cockering of the *Genius*:
Or when the tired understanding brings
Forth only shadows of disjoynted things,
Unapt to frame Ideas that are cleare,
Or being fram'd, unapt to keep them there.
For thou no sooner arm'd with light dost come,
But (like a shining Taper into a room
Obscure before) all things turn clear and bright;
The black Clouds fly, and Cares that fast do bite;
The

Th' *inventing Power* shines forth, & now describ
 The worlds large *Fabrick* to the mentall eyes.
 Th' eternall *Species* now do *naked* stand
 In comely order rank'd by Natures hand,
 And all the notions of th' *inlightned brain*
 Do now return to their true *shapes* again.

How often have I seen (a mighty throng
 Of greedy ears hanging upon his tongue)
 A learned *Oratour* trembling for fear,
 Confound his Heads, unable quite to bear
 His studièd Method out ———
 When at the last (amazement so prevail'd)
 That words and matter have together fail'd!
 VVho hath no sooner *sacrificed* unto
 His pettish *Memory* a grain or two (fr
 Of th' generous *Plant*, but he could straightwar
 All his *lost Figures* in his scatter'd mind;
 His *runnagate words* too which were lately fled,
 And hid in some dark corner of his head,
 He apprehendeth now, (" as if a *Torch*
 Were lighted up in favour of his search,)
 And to the wondring people does dispence
 The ample *Treasures* of his *Eloquence*; ^{i Disput} k *Aristot*
 Moreover if two ⁱ Warriours shall joyn fight
 Train'd up i'th Camp of the old^k *Stagirite*,
 VVhom a desire to know, or love of praise
 Hath urged on a mortall war to raise,

Who with all spleen an angry soul affords
Against each other draw their *Bilbo* words ;
Giving by weight of reason t'overthrow,
The subtle windings to intrap the Foe.
Compass'd they are with youthfull bands ,
Amongst whom the *Judge* of the fair quarrel stands,
Applauding all their equall nerves of wit,
And by applauding, adding strength to it ;
All at the last their strength doth fade away,
As what humane force but will at length decay?)
In which decay of soul, let one of them
But take a single whiffe o' th' *sacred fume*,
And yee shall straight discover a *new birth*
Of *Spirits*, (as when *Antaus* touch'd the *Earth*
His *Mother*, and from thence did stronger rise
Giving new battle to his¹ *Enemies*.)
The waiward *Faster* vanquished doth ly,
And 'tis the *Drinker's* crown'd with *victory*.
But if they both shall it convenient hold
To fetch new weapons, or to whet the old,
At this true *Vulcans Forge*, with wonder then
Yee shall behold those two recover'd men,
Draw out a cruell bloody war in length,
Maintain'd by equall Nerves, by equall strength ;
Nor will they part untill the far-spent night
And weary *Judge* cuts off the tedious fight.

¹ In uno *Hercule* plures *Hofes* sentit *Anteus*.

So at the *Trojan* war fame tels of old,
 How that heroick pair of *m Brethren bold*,
 Betwixt themselves a friendly strife did raise,
 'Cause one of them the *Indian Plant* did praise;
 The *Elder* damn'd it, yet dissemblingly,
 Loving indeed what he did seem to fly:
 Hot darts the younger at his brother aim'd,
 And for the *Herb* a solemn war proclaim'd.
 But e're the Trumpets sounded to the fight,
 Our warriors both take care their *Pipes* to light;
 Eager upon't, each other they provoke,
 And fire their *Wits* with the most precious *Smoke*
 Loading the *empty Quivers* of their mind
 VVith *headed arrows*, which they (most unkind)
 Mutually thoot; their nimble *tongue's* the *Bow*,
 Their *Breasts* the *Buts* at which their shafts do
 Many are sent, many retorted be
 Upon the spenders head as cruelly.
 Nor are there any pawses in the Field,
 But what the draughts of the sweet Fume do yeild
 From whose warm aid repaired strength did grow
 And eager fury which should overthrow.
 Untill their rage increasing with their might,
 The sentence of the *n King*, who took delight

m Podalirius and *Machaon*, two excellent Physitians and Surgeons
 the sons of *Æsculapins*, who were both present at the Trojan war,
 maintain'd a fierce Disputation concerning the nature of Simples. *n*
gamenon, who procured and fomented the disputation betwixt the
 brethren.

to see such pretty and unheard of play,
Commands a period to the doubtfull fray.
Thus fell the Herb, and stood by his own power,
And wars there be about it at this hower ;
Nought being so *certain*, but a *present wit*
And *grace of speech* will *doubtfull* render it.
— But I have lost my self, and am at gaze,
Vandring too far in th' *Academick*° maze.
In other *Webbe* I have to *weave*, “ I will
Retire awhile, and sharpen my *blunt Quill*.
The *Birth* and *Composition* I have shown
O' th' *wholesome Herb*, in a verse which I dare own:
To whom the *Plant* does show a *smiling brow*,
On whom it *frowns*: to which *diseases*, now,
It doth professe it self an *Enemie*,
To which a *Friend*, shall my next labour bee ;
As soon as some *Tabaco* I have tane,
Impoverish'd the *Pipe*, t' *inrich* my *brain*.

° *Lycæum* was *Aristotles School* at *Athens*, also the intricate and winning Groves and pleasant walks about it.

The End of the First Book.

TABA-



TABACO.

Book II.

Remove the Candle and the Pipes ; (ho there!
 We've tane a large draught of the fired ayr ::
 While our inventions haste, and there remain
 Perfect *Ideas* in our hight'ned brain;
 Let us make good the words which we have spok'd
 We scorn to feed the world with nought but smok'd
 Dulness will seaze us, and gray-hairs (a thing
 Beardless *Apollo* cannot brook) will bring
 Mandates for a divorce 'twixt us and thee,
Cirrha, & thy *Temple* and our piety.

Say *Muses* how the *Indians* conquer'd were
 What *Trophæes* great god *Bacchus* rais'd there
 How that fierce nation was with pleasing awe
 Soft'ned to th' observation of his Law,

q A Town in the little Country of *Phocis* in *Greece*, where *Apo*
 was most religiously worshiped : Or otherwise one of the tops of the
 mountain *Parnassus*, the other being called *Nissa*.

How

How he their *bloody banquets* chang'd, and made
Of the destroying *sword* a saving *spade* ; *r Silenw.*
And with what ease (as one who playes) the *r* old
Man did the *vertues* of *s* that *leafe* unfold. *s Tabaco*

Perchance the *north-commanding King*, who led
• You through the calm Sea from the cloven head
Of Mount *Parnassus* to his guilded hall, *r The Muses.*
This your discourse unto his ear may call,
Who though on its natural sent he no price sets,
Yet if perfumed with *your violets*,
And odoriferous breath (as sweet as those)
Amongst his *pillowes* it may finde repose.

The conqueror once planted in his throne,
Did not with bloody weapons prey upon
Their lives or goods, nor did he go about
To make *strange lords* driving the natives out :
Nor like a Tyrant sought with violence
To force his trembling Subjects to obedience ;
Experience having tutor'd him that where
Fear is thick *sowen*, *nothing* is *reap'd* but *fear*.
With smiling brow and gentle compellation
He crept into the favour of the Nation,
Whose easie love did their hard hearts incline
To capability of discipline ;
And with its powerful Retorick provoke
The churlish Soyl to undergo the yoke.

The Land had ill report for Beasts which there
Inhabited, the spotted Linx, " the Bear,

C

Wolves,

Wolves, Tigers, swift-foot Lybards, and the stout
 Lions (" as Captains) mingled with the rout,
 There all unpunished in ambush lay
 For lives of beasts and men which were their prey
 Nor had they care those enemies to destroy ;
 In mutual slaughter was their onely joy ;
 Their great delight it was, their chiefest good
 To spoil the neighbouring field with fire & blood ;
 And having slain, inhumanly t' appose
 Upon their reeking table their boyl'd foes :
 The gentle *Victor* * hated much to be * Bacchus
 A partner in their savage gluttony,
 Who in their thirst of blood did not surcease
 To sprinkle on them a desire of peace.
 Their King he long d to see, and those *vast parts*,
 And into their gross minds t' instil the *Arts*.
 Out of his many such as he knew to be
 Of civil garb smooth'd by urbanity,
 A few he did select, (these *liberty*,
 The larger use of *Wine* and *Venery*
 Had feeble made, until th' *heroick* ayr
 O' th' *noble plant*, and *business* did repair
 Their near exhausted nature, and restore
 Them to that strength which they had lost before
Balanus and *Amphoria* he did call,
 Merry *Neander* too, good fellows all ;
 To these the one-ey'd *Pelias* he thought fit
 To joyn, and *Idmon* famous for his wit,

* Nimble

" Nimble to break a jest in verse or prose,
 But laught at for the *blew bunch* on his nose;
 The mumping *Trullus* too, who always fear'd
 He should be mock'd for having of no beard:
 Close at their backs creeps *Aper*, who of late
 A jolly drinker was, but wayward fate
 (" Knowing his belly t' have no need of ears)
 Had rob'd him of his hearing, who now bears
 A presence not so welcome as before;
 Ill chance into " *Mirth's Pallace* bard the " door,
 Commanded to retire he was, but he
 (Poor soul) was *deaf* to leave *good company*.

The petty King * *Hematoës*, then whom
 None crueller to bring the captives home,
 And being there, devour them, prov'd to have
 His Empire not far off, whom a large Cave
 Shut up from sight of Sun: there ye might see
 Shambles of human flesh (O cruelty!)
 Bodies of young and old men there did lie
 Pin'd up in Coops, fatted with Paste to die
 By th' Buchers hand. Hither with dogs and darts,
 With wide-mash'd Nets and all their hunting arts,
 With merry Corner, and the horns shril sound
 Mixt with the filling crys o' the deep-mouth hound;
 The Troup turns in. Here doth the Tyrant dwell,
 (Just such a Palace hath the *god of Hell*)

* The Brain. " The Ear. * From *aîug* Blood: A King amongst
 the Canibals.

The Caves large mouth gap'd wide about the door,
 ("A fearful sight !) *mens bones* did pave the floor,
 The *Turrets* of the same with horrid looks
 Show'd like a garden set with *Hartichokes*
 When their rough heads into long scales are grown,
 And their proud tops are almost *Thistle-down*.

It fortun'd here to be a feast that day,
 And their fat things unto the fire they lay ;
 The noise without did summon from his cave
 The *King*, on whose head a green plume did wave :
 He stares a while, then flies into his den,
 So does a second, so a third agen,
 Forgetting all (such was their suddain fear)
 To bar the gate and keep the strangers there :
 In this amazement *Idmon* first did enter
 The unknown passage (famous for that venture)
 Led by a quick-nos'd dog; then followed
 The youthful *Crue* groping as they were led ;
 For there no windows were, nor any light,
 Onely a little glimmering strook down right
 From the *Grotts* mouth, which with a doubtful ray
 Seem'd as they pass'd to *stammer* out the way ;
Silenus in the midst does nothing fear,
 But *Bacchus* thought him safest in the *Reer* :
 At length they come drawn by the stink of meat
 Nastily drest, into a hall repleat
 With steam and noise, where the most horrid face
 Of a cruel Kitchen that e'r eye did trace

Struct

Struck the first Ent'ers dumb; ful *Caldrons* here
Of reeking heads plaid ov'r the fire, and there
Fast'ned to dog-tree spits shoulders and thighs
Of men dropt into dishes; ("drop mine eyes)
And the preparers of this goodly feast
Were *Women-Cookes* girded about the waist:
Hard by in Francks (like fatted Boares) there lay
(Reserv'd as dainties for the next feast day)
The bodies of ten men; these passed by
Not without tears, god *Bacchus* on doth hye
To seek *Hamatoës*, whom the trusty nose
Of the fierce Mastie does at length disclose
Lurking in a dark hole, whom (being found)
He thus accosts, low lowting on the ground;
Rise O thou, wretch, and learn to look on men;
Harmless we come, nor minde to pay agen
Thy slaughters void of all humanity,
With the just slaughter both of thine and thee;
We do forgive, to pittie we incline;
Our manners are not steep'd in blood, but wine.

Yet if in blood ye take so great delight,
And have so burning a desire to fight; (drive,
Make war with *beasts*, from th' herds the *Lions*
But spare your *Neighbour-men*, keep them alive:
Into your bellies cram not such odious meats,
Nor with such y filthy *Trophies* deck your gates:

y The bones of the Slain.

Wolves do not know such rage; *Tygers* invade
 Not *Tygers*, nor yet is th' *Lion* made
 A feast to th' angry *Lion*; take away
 This most inhuman Diet then, and lay
 These sadder *Relicks* of your *Tyranny*
 Low under earth forgotten; happily
 We shall finde honefter dishes: " *And your Feast,*
 " *By our new Cates shall not be spoild, but grac't.*

* He nothing *clear* did answer, through his throat:

Was only sent an obscure grunting note;
 And with a look worthy his speech, he obey'd
 The † *Monitor* unwillingly, and laid
 Commands upon his trembling Clients, "who
 Prepared to act what he did bid them do.

The *curfed meat* gave place, and in its room
 On cleanly Spits *Pleasanter viands* come;
Shoulders of *Staggs*, and *Sowes*, the fearful *Hare*,
 The *Duck* and *Mallard*, and what else their care,
 And Hunters labour did provide — —
 The ground's their their table, (time will not allow
 Them to provide them better tables now)
Bacchus sat first, *Silenus* next, the third
Hematöes; which done, the humble board
 Without all order was incompas'd round
 By the lords of *Bacchus* Court; then on the ground
 In jolly Knots the *common souldiers* sate,
 Each with a painted *Target* on his back.

* *Hematöes*. † *Bacchus*.

" The

“ The Courtly *Liber* gently his hands does wring,
“ And with soft words thus strokes the * barbarous
The Fates be kinde unto us, never may (King.
We have a just case to repent this day **Hematões.*
The joyning of our hands, but happy be
These fair beginnings of our amity.
Banish (my Friends) these *unclean rites*, and live
The life of *men*, “ *merit the name I give* :
And thou my *brother*, *King*, forgive I pray
Our ruder entrance “ and our longer stay,
Condemn not our free language, which shall prove
Signes to confirm, and bonds to tye our love :
This entertainment may hereafter be
A benefit to your posterity ;
Nor shall your youth repent they heard us tell
(The best of human things) how to *live well*.
Be this thy *pledge*, then which no holier thing
Is in thy vowes ; thus spake the *God* and *King*.
This said, a bowle of liquor straight he drunk,
Which flow’d but lately from a tall tree trunk
That stood hard by in leather bags. The * beast
Next took the bowle, “ which quakes to be imbrac’t
By such a hand, and though unknown till then ,
Belching the clotted blood of wretched men,
The *Nectar* forceth down, (“ O cruel doom
“ *So good a Guest should have so bad a room !*)
“ The noble liquor hating such disgrace **Hematões.*
“ Made offer to return and quit the place,

“ But he not willing to it, sends forth raw
 “ And filthy belches from his stinking maw ;
 At which laugh’d *Pelias*, *Idmon* held his nose,
 But *Liber* becken’d to them to compose * *Hem at.*
 Themselves, and with words fitted to that end,
 Settled the wavering Countenance of his * Friend.

You ‘have play’d the man, he cries, but pray you
 Whether the Liqueur pleaseth you or no. (show
 With that his front and eyebrows being drawn
 To th’ crown of ‘s head, thus the great *Beast* did
 Beleeve me (stranger-guest) the sort of *bloud* (yawns;
 From whatsoever *Throat* it flow’d, is good :
 Not better comes from ‘a *beardlesse youth* then this;;
 I doe not fear to drink the second dish
 If any proves so kind to fill it mee.

Bacchus reply’d, it shall be given thee ;
 But yet take heed, alas thou canst not tell
 (Good man) what danger in this *bloud* doth dwell.
 To adde Bowles to Bowles is an unseemly thing,
 And hurtfull too, by thine own harm (O King)
 I willingly will not permit thee know ;
 Better thy ‘experience to an other owe.

But ‘tis to me a miracle to see
 How of your *home-bred riches* yee should bee
 So ignorant ! this pleasing liqueur which
 Your duller palate doth so much bewitch,
 The tribute is but of an *obvious Tree*,
 Which by small pains, less cost obtain’d may bee ;

Whose

those willing branches ever open stand
ready t'imbrace the knife and wounding hand,
pouring forth rivers that do know no ending,
eternall streams from living fountains sending.
Be rul'd, and let the Earth's good bounty then
obtain its lawfull use; why ("being men")
should yee account it a brave thing to owe
your fat to humane veins? and lurking low (quite
inth'Earths close womb, like *Serpents*, remov'd
from *Men* and *Sun*, t'extinguish Natures light?
Yee have the *Shape* of *Men*, the *Breasts*, nor are
Courage and Strength wanting in you for warre;
so many good things then why will yee have
to lie intombed in a lazy *Grave*?
Your manly Character is losse, and though
Your food be blond, your colour is not so:
But a blue Palenesse on your swoln face sits,
And your retired eyes are two deep pits.
No difference is betwixt your *Cheeks* and *Nose*;
Your Face a *Bladder* seems; *Scurf* only grows,
Not *Hair* upon your *Temples*; your lips swell
With Putrefaction; your loose *Teeth* distill
Black blood, and not without great pains yee draw
Your often stopped breath ————— (will)
Your *Nerves* have not the power (though you the
To thrust your *Ribs* out when your *Lungs* do fill.
Your weakness by short pantings is bewray'd
As on your *Breast* there were a *Mountain* laid;
Slow

Slow is your pace, your knees each other beat,
 And no desire yee have of wholesome meat;
 It is your chief delight, your greatest praise,
 On the dull ground to slumber out your days.
 VVhich *Plagues* by this dark *irksom Cave* are bred
 (Through which nor winds nor Sun e're travailed
 Help'd by your *noysom Fare*; or rather sent
 By th' *angry Gods* unto your *punishment*;
 But for your *Barbarism* you dearly pay,
 Your foul draughts now returning the same way
 They entred through your mouths, as if they would
 Admonish you at length to know your good.
 But oh (such stupidity doth you possess!)
 Your harm yee know not, you own *good* much less
 Saw yee that *jolly smoke*, which now arose
 (As through a Chimney) from the *old * mans* nose
 That *smoke* but now was *dust*, and it is scant
 A brace of days since that *dust* was a *Plant*,
 On which a neighbour † *Island* of small fame
 Once hath bestow'd an *honourable name*.
 The end of all your mischiefs hope from hence.

You *gray-hair'd Syre*, who can with ease dispense
 The *Secrets* of *Dame Nature*; tell I pray
 The *vertue* of the *remedy*, and the *way*
 It cures; be sudden and defer not then (med
 To breathe wish'd health upon these wretched

* *Silenn*, † *Tabaca*, an Island in the Indies from whence the *Smoke*
 had its name.

Jenns laid his Pipe from out his hand,
and said, great things they are which you cōmand :
yet if you think these ears to which I speak
Worthy of such great mysteries to partake,
will begin. But first let libertie
into those poor sick men be given, whom I
held not long ago with fetters bound,
a nasty straw lying upon the ground.

Hamatoës nodded a consent, their bands (hands,
are loos'd, which done, creeping on both their
bearing the sad marks of their foul disgrace
each in his sullied and unmanlike face,
affraid of light like beasts from out a stall,
rembling, they'r led into the merry Hall.

Th' old *Father* could not hold his tears, yet said,
my companions *live*, be not dismay'd ;
better fortune waits yee: ("then describes
the Pipe) here, saith he, your *recovery* lies,
only be willing to be cur'd : First, than
' Pointing to one) thou poor and weak * *old man*,
Whose veins *salt Rheum* does fill in stead of blood ;
Whose feeble legs though they have long withstood
and wraisted with the *Gout*, do falter now ;
Whose *blear-eyes* run, and *narrower* do grow :
thou shalt be *blind*, despise my aid ; imbrace
thy *Art*, thou shalt see *clear* as th' *Eagles* race.

* One of those who by the Cannibals were reserved for the next
cast.

That

That said, a Cloud of *smoke* he forthwith blows
 Into his greazy Cap, and clapping close
 The limber brims unto his head, shuts in
 The old mans face ("as in a bag t'had bin.")
 The biting Smoke into his eyes did go,
 And caus'd a showre of tears from thence to flow
 All things about him plainer far appear'd,
 And light comes in, his Window's being *clear'd*
 And now with ease he able is to say,
 How many Carbuncles themselves display
 Upon his * Master's rough and cragg'd nose, * *Sil*
 Who in examination farther goes (b
 Asking him what they were, how great their num
 He shows his fingers and replies with wonder,
 So many Strawberries I there do see,
 And such as in our woods are wont to bee.
 The *old Blade* shook his sides, his fellows too
 Laugh'd out aloud, "they could none other doe
 Worthy t'have *joynts* without one *gouty knot*,
Silennus cries, come suck, but fail you not
 To close your lips, and ope your nostrils wide,
 That easily the smoke from thence may glide
 As from a pair of *Tunnels*: he did so.
 The *Cave* turns round, and the man sick does grow
 He feels a tempest in his belly grumbling,
 And the raw morsels up and down are tumbling
 In his disorderd Stomack, till at last
 They find the way, and up he doth them cast.

Beho

behold your *Gouts* destruction, he cryed,
 thus is the *humour* at the *Fountain* dried.
 Twice shalt thou do this, (*"in its proper place*)
 When th' *Moon*^a lies hid, or shines with *biggest* face;
 Like a full *Tide*, for then the moisture^b *springs*,
 After a dinner of fat *Chitterlings*.
 The *Cisterns* purg'd thus, the *dregs* being gone,
 The nourishment will then much purer run,
 Flattering the joynts as it does pass, and free
 From all Malignant reliques will it bee;
 Nor the distorted sinews be grown o're
 With *Chaulkie* hardnesse as they were before:
 Then shall thy feet be nimble as thy mind,
 Out-dance the *Satyrs*, and out-run the wind.
 Yet if there should some foot-steps still remain
 Of the salt *Rheum*, fly to thy *Pipe* again,
 It will vanish straight, and thou possess from thence
 A far more active and an able *Sense*.

Nor does this *soveraign* medicine assuage
 The *Gouts* sad torment, but the *Colicks* rage;
 It cures the fearfull *c* *stopping* of the guts,
 Which 'twixt the *Throat* & *Seat* no difference puts;
^a At the Change and Full. ^b In mens bodies. ^c The stopping of
 the small guts, suffering nothing to passe downwards, by reason of
 which is caused a great griping in that place; and also a filthy stink
 sent up by the throat, making one to smell alike at both ends. This
 Disease is called in Latine *Voluum*, from *Volvo*, to wrap about or in-
 wine, *quia pluribus orbibus & anfractibus involutum est*. From whence
 the Greeks call it *εἰλεός*, from *εἰλεῖν*, *vertere* or *volvare*, which indeed
 gives the name of *Ilia* to the small guts; although some would have
 the name of this disease to come from *ἰαλός*, *misericordia*, *quia doler mi-*
serandum est; for a miserable disease it is indeed.

The

The *smelling* of the head it drives away,
 And bribes the ^d *Ears musicians* not to play.
 Thus it will do, where it a Lover finds
 That constant is, nor (like a Coward) minds
 The rivall *Chidings* of his wife, when she
 'Gainst th' *harmlesse smoke* venteth her Cruelty,
 Because ("forsooth) their *kissing* it does sowre,
 And with forc'd *rheum* *spatters* her clean-rub'd
 There was a man, as ancient stories tell, (flood)
 That on the sea's unwholesome shore did dwell;
 The noisom shore abounded with diseases,
 'Mong which they say thus one the body seizes:
 First, a fierce pain the belly seems to bore,
 But as its violence increaseth more,
 The members all are stretc'd as with a rope,
 Nor any strength remains, nor any hope.
 Thus he afflicted, *Phæbus* did implore,
 And *Phæbus* soon with medicines doth him store;
 But his endeavours all were vanity,
 Till better fortune gave this remedy;
 Tabaco freeing him from pains and fears,
 Hence he ador'd Heav'n's gift, and many years
 In health from former evils did obtain,
 Nor was he more vext with this vanquish'd pain.
 Nor will it suffer that fierce ^e *Fiend of Hell*
 Which in a *hollow tooth* doth love to dwell,

^d A whistling or singing in the Head. ^e The tooth-ach.

I inhabit there, but conjures him from thence :
 For when the *Humour* once is felt to pinch
 The roots o' th' *Teeth*, and a swoln Cheek forth puts,
 Such as an *Ape* shows when he cracketh nuts;)
 Mouthe but the smoke awhile, and thou shalt see
 Both pain and swelling banished will bee.
 Many griefs else which an ill aire hath bred,
 Here have their cure, thus are they vanquished.
 The drilling ^f *showers* which from the ^g *Roofs* arch'd
 Do on the tender ^h *Bellows* daily drop, (top,
 Hindring the blasts which keep the flame alive,
 And thickned in the middle Region, strive
 To hang like ⁱ *Clouds*, stopping the door o' th' voice,
 Light as gnawn *Parchment*, are in a small trice
 (" Taking the powerfull smoke) brought forth, " and
 'No bur remains, but straightway all is cleare. (there
 Why should I tell yee of the *Mumps*? or bee
 Troubled to name the *Rope invisible*?
 The vertiginous disease, " that sudden Devil,
 ' Sometimes a prologue to the Falling Evill?
 Or the ^k *Wine-Sickness*, " when the wit's i' th' *Suds*?
 Or ^l *dropping Noses* shortly threatning Flouds?

f A flux of Rheum. g The Brain. h The Lungs. i Flegme. k The
 word is *Helicium*, which is nothing else but *Gravitas capitis vino creata*;
 and some would derive it from the word *ἑλκω*. *Hesterno enim vino*
languem, cm ἑλκω vocant Greci. l It is in the Latine *Clangefas nares*, which
 word is refered unto the voice *quando gravi tono incepta in acutum desi-*
mit; piping noses, or noses sounding like a trumpet: but I hope I have
 no whit injured my Authour by rendering the word in a nearer cause.

All these are cur'd by *smoke*, if it be tryed
 When the disease is ripe, and then applyed.
 Nor do there want whose *Youth* and *sinful Arts*
 Have drawn diseases on their hidden parts;
 VVhether the *Channels* of the *Urine* be
 Corroded by a *nitrous spurcity*,
 Or bounteous *Nature* freely doth bestow
 Her broken meat; keeps open *House below*:
 Let such men too from hence expect their cure;
 Nor let them fear who do the *Stone* indure,
 From whom the *Pot* such horrid cries doth hear,
 " That it doth wish it had not that *one ear*;
 VVho^m there screw faces, and such looks express,
 As does *Prometheus* on Mount *Caucasus*.
 I do not play the *Poet* now, nor fain
 Dreams of *Parnassus*, but my words are plain:
 Known things I speak, and such as heretofore
My self have felt, e're I began t' implore
Tabaco's aid, e're, at my greatest need,
 I found the *vertues* of th' *admired weed*.
 For (I'll confess) my better days worn out
 VVith the high-feeding *Bacchus*, and the rout
 Of drinking *Satyrs* did my old *Vessell* fill
 VVith *Leaks*, and made it subject to that ill,
 To know which pleasure is, to cure is more
 And greater profit. VVhat I heretofore

^m At the Chamber-pot.

Did in my self not without pain indure,
In others now shall be my joy to *cure*.

But seeing there an equall care should bee
T' *expell* diseases, and to *keep us free* ;
Listen all yee who do desire to know ,
Being once well, how to preserve yee so.

Some do by *nature* (as a poyson) *hate*
Tabaco, some most foolishly do prate
Against it, 'cause they of the former dayes
Liv'd *long* and *sound* without it. Let both these
Abstain, for 'tis not comely, or to fight
'Gainst prudent *Nature*, or t'infuse a right
Mind into him who (stubborn) does despise
His *Ancestors*, being *Fools* to grow more wise.

He who does love it, let him know his *why*,
Not like an *imitating Ape* let fly
At all, without or *councell*, or *end known*,
Advent'ring upon *actions* not his *own*.
A Generation there be agen,
Who drink it that they may seem *Gentlemen*,
And show their breeding onely, who ne're think
Whether the thing be good or bad, they drink.
It is a rustick shamefac'tness, and can
Never show comely in a well-bred man.

" So have I seen, at *Christmasse*, when my Lord

" Hath set a Clownish Tenant at his board,

" Th' amazed wretch takes all that 's carved him,

" Because he wanted wit how to deny. (why ?

D

Tabaco

Tabaco is not an indifferent thing,
But to the Drinker good or bad does bring:
First, try thy body then, and learn to know
Whether thy *Chimney* carry *smoke* or no.

Hast thou a great *round head*? a *Front* that stā
Like a fair *Foreland*? *brawny arms* and *hands*?
Large Shoulders, a *broad breast*, *fat Flesh*, a *Tongue*
That's ever moist? take it, and fear no wrong.
But let ° *lean men* forbear, whose *Necks* are hard
Their *Foreheads* narrow, *small* their *head*, their *lans*
And *puddings* pinching, *cheeks* that up do rear
Their *flesh*. *se* bones, and *nostrils* that are clear.
For as the force of *p* *spirits* to their brain
Comes in but in *thin troops* and weak: so again,
When th' *smoke* appears, they all away do run
As mists are frightened with the winters Sun.
Nor let the *ruddy man* on whose cheek glows
A *flushing* that does imitate the *Rose*; (quent an
Whose *breath* draws *thick*, and whose coughs fr
Once touch the *Pipe*, but utterly forswear
Both it and all good fellowship, for fear
He buyes his pleasure at a rate too dear:
For he a *fire* already kindled has
Within his *Lungs*, and cherisheth (alas)

n Who may take Tabaco. o Who not. p Lean men have
few spirits, which Tabaco overcomes. q Tabaco not good for
a. have sudden flushings, inveterate coughs, and short breath, wh
are Symptoms of Consumptions and Feaverish distempers.

A *Feaver* in his heart, "his own decay,
And in a lingring flame doth melt away.
But if to *smoke* thy love be grown so great,
That not thy solemn^d vows can conquer it,
But reason must yeild unto blind desire,
Take then the^r *Coltsfoot*, for his temperate fire
Warms but *inflames* not, whose light brushing air
Cleanseth the *inward Ulcers*, and makes *fair*
The^r *Cabbins* of the *Brest*. Once, if thou hast
Some hidden cause which makes thy body *wast*,
Or if a generall distemper dwels
In every ill-affected part, or els
An active *Feaver* in thy bloud be found,
Or thou endurst the raging of a *wound*,
Eschew that Syren-weed *Tabaco* than,
Which pleasing kills, "appear to be a man.
Hard though it be, yet from the *flatterer* run;
And do not feed thine own *destruction*.

Besides all this, sometimes it fortunes so,
That streams of bloud upwards & downwards flow
In plenteous manner, which a death portends,
Nature having given the *reyns* unto *both ends*.
In such a case what ever happen may,
Then from the^r *deadly Bowles* fly, fly away.
For thence the current of thy bloud does swell,
Thy fits of vomiting do grow more fell,

For such men *Coltsfoot* better. ¶ In what cases *Tabaco* is to be
used. 2. *Tabaco*.

Till at the last (" to make an end of wo,) Thy *Life* and *Lease* will out together go.

But I am here *arrested*, and bid stand
By a *Writ* of *Reason*, seeming with one hand
To pluck down what I with the other built,
And thus I am accused of the guilt.

¶ If from *Tabaco* heavy sleep be sent,
And sleep a chain to bind the excrement,
Unjustly then is that condemn'd to be
Hurtful, which merits praise, not obloquie.

¶ Know then that in the *Indian Herb* doth ly
A double power, a diverse quality.

The *Salt* on one hand spurs slow *Nature* on,
And like a furious rider makes her run :

The sleep-creating clouds, and sulphurous smother
Useth the *reyns*, and stops her on the other.

But as the lusty and untamed Steed
When on the small guts he is made to bleed,
Flies out inrag'd, and scorneth (" as before)
To obey the ruling *Bridle* any more :

So is it here, when the *retentive force*
Begins to fail, (" as 'tis with that wild horse)
Every light touch disorders *Nature* quite,
And makes her forward rush with all her might;
Nor is it easie when she's at the top
Of all her speed, quickly to take her up :

¶ Objection: ¶ Answer.

“ Thus it appears if rightly understood,
“ The **spur* more *harm* does, then the *⁊bridle* good.
So much it doth conduce to th’ good of men
T’observe the *nature*, *manner*, and the *When* ;
With the just *measure* and the *weight* of things,
So bodies gather strength, so vertue springs ;
Both by *too much*, or by *too little* fall.
What better thing then *Wine* ? yet not to all,
Nor at *all howers* must it be given ; For then
I would hurtfull prove ; there is a season when
Tis certain *death* to drink it, and agen
It maketh *mad*, there is a season when.
Sometime too large a draught doth take away
The *reason* quite for a whole night and day ;
When if the *surfet* loseth not his ty,
The Drunkard dies, or at least seems to dy.
Near is our Pattern : blithe *Adonis* (late)
While hethy *Bacchanals* did celebrate
(O King *Lenæus*) steep’d in *wine* and *sleep*,
The rest of thy Feast *under Earth* did keep.
Buried alive, supposed dead he was,
But the next day digg’d up again (alas!)
Manifest signes of return’d life were read
In his bloody hands and in his broken head,

* The *Sal volatilis*, or the Flying Salt, which is in Tabaco, pricking Nature forward to the avoiding of excrements. ⁊ The sulphurous quality in Tabaco, which courts Nature to sleep, and by consequence restrains the excrements.

With knee and elbow he had fought 'gainst death
And in the narrow Coffin lost his breath.

This can be said 'gainst *Wine* : but against us
And our *z Art of healing*, what so barbarous
Can be objected by an adversary ?

Who by *Tabaco* hath been known to *dy* ?

Or from what man hath it his *reason stole* ?

In great Feasts rather when the spacious *Bowle*
Keeps order'd rounds; if there be any known
So desperate that he will with loss of 's own
Take others healths, and (superstitious) think

To observe the mad *Laws* made by th' *State of drinke*

That nor his *reason* nor his *feet* decline,

Give him the *Pipe*, with the hot fuming wine ;

Let him the *med'cinall vapour* interpose,

' And with the smoke *damask* his wrinckled *nose* :

With an unblemish'd face he then shall rise,

And with a well-fram'd speech he shall seem wise

When the rude multitude who ignorant be

Of the soveraign Herb, or else incapable,

'S^t all carrying *Torches* in their *Nose* appear,

' Yet *stumble* too with all the *light* they bear.

For even thy *a fire* (*Twice-born*) by th' *smoke* is stay'd

Thy *active rage* is by the *fume* allaid.

(Nor let that envy move that praiseth thee)

A more strict league and friendship cannot bee

z By *Tabaco*. *a* The hot fume sent from wine.

Betwixt the *Loadstone* and the *Steel*, then is
 Between thy Spirit-raising *Vine* and *this*.
 For ("like a pair of friends an ages wonder")
 They tast far nobler bjoyn'd, then when asunder.

Nothing *Tabaco* hath but what is good;

As of a slain *sow*, every part is food.

The *Ashes* which after the flame do ly

As of no use, do turn to *Ivory*

c *Rusty* and yellow *Teeth*; the *Smoke* obeys,

And (strange to hear) being commanded, d stays :

For lay thy finger to thy mouth, and blow,

Narrowing the passage first, but gently through,

And thou shalt straight discern it will not fail

To leave an *Oyl* upon the yellow nail : (hands,

Good for young girls who have rough and e scabby

On which, as on fen grounds, the water stands.

For being apply'd, it smooths and drains them quite,

And renders them, even unto wonder white.

For th' piercing *Air* thorow the secret pores

Shaketh the heart, and having set both dores

O'th' stomach ope, from thence wind-musick plays,

To the hearers mirth, and to the minstrels ease.

Thus they the laughter of their friends do gain,

And purchase beauty with a little pain.

The *Vertues* I have told; what *Mischiefs* are,
 Or onely seem to be, I'll now declare.

b Tabaco and Wine best when joyn'd. c Tabaco ashes a good Dentifrice. d Stays in oyl. e The oyl good against scabs and tetters.

First, 'tis objected, that *Tabaco duls*
 The *edge* of the inlightned *mind*, and puls
 A *cloudy darknesse* on the active *brain*,
 Bringing in black *oblivion* there to reign :
 That when to seek his *Notions* he shall come,
 Misplac'd and lost they'll be i' th' *smokie roome*.
 A hainous crime: but such as *Calumny*
 Hath feign'd, or nice *simplicity*.

I answer 'tis not, 'cause it cannot be,
 That the immortall *Soul* whose *Pedigree*
 Is drawn from *Heaven*, should in poor manner thrust
 Unto *Corporeal* harms b' obnoxious.
 If th' *Instrument* be lame, I do confesse
 The *Action* halts, yet with the *Cause* doth cease.
 But th' *mind* of man *untouch'd* remains, although
 As with *black clouds* encompass'd, it doth throw
 No *lazy beams* abroad. Just so the *Sun*,
 When 'twixt his *Globe* and us the *Moon* doth run,
 Or else some cloud does for a time keep close :
 (" As if the world for him were at a losse)
 Though even then in his full glory *bright*,
 And to the *darker stars* lendeth more light.
 The *mind* no *spot* receives but from the *mind* ;
Idlenesse, *luxury*, and the giddy wind
 Of light *Inconstancy*, with the sudden fire
 Of *Anger*, these indeed do all conspire

/ Objections against Tabaco answered,

To shadow reason, and o'rethrow the wit,
Blotting the notions which before were writ.
That which we love we can remember well;
O' th' many drinkers of Tabaco, tell
Me but of one who readily cannot say
Into which Chest he did his treasure lay;
(So stupifi'd a brain he has) or else
Who hath forgotten where his *Mistresse* dwels;
And I of the few haters will give you

A dozen for that one, ("good men and true")
Who shall be so far *dos'd*, they shall not say,
When being ask'd, what they *did yesterday*;
To whom their names have been forgotten long,
And th' *Elements* even of their mother Tongue.
For in these men either *pestiferous flames*,
A *hurtfull poyson*, or th' *disease* that claims
His name from a *sudden stroak*, or being too bold
With the *g fifth* part of *Venus* when grown old,
Have hurt the Brain ———

Nor will the *h spirit* (of a near kin to th' aire)
His office overthrown, stay longer there.
For if by th' excellent leaf the memory
Should receive injury, how could it bee
That Troops of *Learned men* should love it so,
Who know as much as lawfull is to know. (pleasure
Whose Breasts do swell with wisdom, whose chief
Is in their stored minds to heap up treasure,

g *Hov. Car. lib. I. Ode 13.* h Which informs the Brain.

And then *pour forth* what they were hoarding long
To rings of people with a *ready tongue*.

But it makes sad the marriage bed far more

Chast then the ⁱleaf th' *Athenian Matrons* wont

At *Ceres* feasts. I hear the women say ;

Nor is this quarrel but of yesterday :

Tas been the *Matrons* hate since ^k *Mars* his whorne

Set forth a law it should be brought no more

Into her loved *Cyprus* as before :

Which thus was caus'd. *Bacchus* from being at odds

With men, returns to th' *banquet* of the gods ;

Store of *Tabaco* with him he did bring

As signes of victory (then a new found thing)

" Till that did burn, the gods were all on fire :

" *Liber* begun to take it, they admire ;

Jove was the next, then *Mars* and *Vulcan* follow,

Mercury those, and last the bourey *Apollo* :

Lustily through their nose the smoak they take,

As if an other *Aetna* they would make.

The *Goddeses* pleas'd with the novelty

Laught all the while, but they, when they did see

How much to *sleep* that night the gods were given

Angry, decreed it should be banish'd Heaven ;

ⁱ *Agnus Castus* is a certain Shrub, which in Latin is called also *Vitex* like unto a willow, it takes the name from Chastity which it procures and the Athenian women were wont in their *Thesmophoria*, or feast of *Ceres*, to carry leaves of this about them, and to lye upon them that they might preserve themselves chaste. ^k *Venus*.

The rites of *Thessaly* be still admir'd,
 To keep their husbands *making* was they desir'd :
 Therefore next day 'soon as the *smoaky* feast
 Began again, (fiercer then all the rest)
 The goodly Matron *Venus* on it flies ;
 Pipes, fire, Tabaco, broke and scattred lies ;
 And being down she *spurns* them with her feet,
 (Wonder such *wrath* should come from one so
 The war-like *Pallas* who stood by was sad (sweet)
 To see the wanton *Queen* of Love so mad ;
Diana smil'd, and the^l *nine* girles who sport
 Themselves on ^m *Pindus* top was sorry for't.
 The scatter'd reliques up they take, and place
 Them in their bosoms with a solemn grace ;
 Entreating *Bacchus* for a new supply,
 A soveraign aid to th' vow of *Chastity*.
 A foul reproach it is (forsooth) to tame
 The rage of ⁿ *Cyprus* and her lustful flame ;
 To strengthen vertue, with a rare tie to bind
 To the *limbs* vigor, *Empire* to the minde.
 For 'tis a scandal to the plant to doubt
 That it th' *instinct* of Nature should put out

^l The Muses. *Prosit mihi vos dixisse Puellas. Sat. 4.* So *Juvenall* makes himself merry with them calling them girles, who could not chuse but be very old, being so o'ten called upon by the ancient Poets : but he supposed them to be of the same nature with other women, who though they be never so old, yet delight to be accounted young ; and therefore he seems in a jeer to bribe them for Poetick fury with the flattering name of girles. ^m A mountain in *Thessaly* consecrated to *Apollo* and the Muses. ⁿ *Venus*, so called from the Isle *Cyprus*.

Like

Like *Hemp*, or *Water Lillies* ; happily
 It may the *number bate*, not utterly
Destroy the gift of procreation :
 For th' natural heat having this *bridle on*,
 What it doth from the *number take away*
 I the *goodness* of the *breed* it doth repay.
 An *excellent benefit* where the *fortun's mean*,
 Not able numerous off-spring to maintain,
 Or where the *Common-wealth* rejoyceth more
 In th' *strength* and *quality* then in the *store*.
 Hence hath it ever good esteemed bin
 For the *White beard*, and for the *downy chin*,
 Teaching them both good *Husbandry*, how they arriv
 Both in the *bottom* and the *top to spare*,
 While nimble flames of youth it doth suppress,
 And th' *lukewarm ashes* maketh lukewarm less,
 Freeing the *world* from *giddiness*, the jolly
Stripling from *rage*, and the *gray head* from *folly*.
 “ But O ye, *Ladies*, why should your hatred be
 Unto the noble hearb *inplacable* ?
 Within your gardens give't place 'tis fit,
 For even you may stand in need of it ;
 Can ye be cruel still when I assure
 You, that it will fits of the * *Mother cure* ?

f The allaying vertue of Tabaco. ‡ The fainter lust of old men. * Ta-
 baco good against the Mother.

Where

When th' *womb* beyond the bounds does *upwards*
 And at the *belly* like a "*Ram* doth *push*, (*rush*,
 Rightly apply'd 'twill beat her back a main
 And force her take her *proper seat* again,
 Sooner and easier then the heavy weight
 Of two great *Captains* on thy belly laid ;
 Or a whole *pregnant Sow* of *Lead* ———

Moreover set thy *Princely bowls* aside
 (Thou *twice-born god*, & then the bounteous wide
 Earth can afford no dainty half so good
 For an *old man*; whether you'l call it *food*
 For the *humor radical*, or a gentle draught
 For the *dry brain*, or else a *weapon* caught
 Up to *expel* his *Sences enemies* :
 For it doth add a *quickness* to *blear eyes*,
 It takes the *pendent Isicle* from the nose,
 The mutiny in the *ear* it doth compose :
 " And if thy ill-spent youth hath fill'd thy bones
 With griping *aches*, and thy brest with *grones*,
 " And th' *waiting maid* which cros thy *back* doth ly
 From *rest* blocks up the *Haven* of thine eye
 Here seek thy help and finde; for the *kinde smoke*
 Stealing into the *veins* shall not provoke
 Onely thy *grief* and thee to *sleep*, but shall,
 To make the *night* seem *short*, before thee call

u Quid si ego hic nostrum dicerem ad uteri faminei simili, uerum alludere
 qui inde nomen uteri sortire videtur quod duplex sit, et ab utraq; in duas se
 dividit partes que in diversum diffuse ac repletae circumspiciuntur in modum
 cornuum Arietis? Nec ideo laboret conjectura mea si Arietem hoc in loco
 pro machinâ militari accipiendi: tantundem enim est.

The

The *lively shapes* and images of things :
 Nor such dire monsters as the *Onion* brings
 To the late eater, or the *Pulse*, the *Bean*,
 The *Lintless*, " which are known to banish clean
 All pleasant dreams. The *Garlick* who doth eat,
 Or takes the foolish *Henbane* for his meat,
 Who makes a supper of the *Mad Night* shade,
 Him horrid looks shall in his sleep invade ;
 A strange confused generation
 Of living creatures 'fore his eyes shall run,
 Such as are not, nor yet shall ever be
 In the aire *Centaures*, *Harpies* in the Sea :
 A Troop of *Dragons* from the cloven earth
 Shall with black *Devils* spitting fire come forth :
 Sometimes a *Storm* at Sea shall seem to rave ;
 And he neer drown'd shall grapple with a wave :
 Then he shall stand upon a rock on high,
Seeming shall fall, and really shall cry ;
 Sometimes the *swords* of *Thieves* shall make him
 Sometimes again he shall behold a *Bear* (fear;
 Broke from the Chain, ready his life to take,
 And in the moment he should die, shall wake.

But o *Morpheus* with our *P incense* being appeas'd
 Shall with much better *Tapestry* be pleas'd

o The God of sleep ; or (as some) *minister seu filius Somni, qui jussu domini vel patris τὸς ὁρῶντες* hoc est formis vel vultus hominum, verba ipsa, mores, et gestus imitatur. p *Tabaco*, which causeth pleasant and rational dreames.

To hang the *bed-chamber* of the *brain*, and yeeld
To the contented fancy a rich *field*
Charg'd with fresh stories and fair pleasing shapes,
Not such as men may say are *g* *Natures scapes*,
But such as true born children shall be,
And to each private genius shall agree :
For what men *waking love* and do turn over
With pleasure, they shall in their *sleep recover*.
The *Courtier*, *Oratour*, and the *Souldier*,
The *Juggler*, *Merchant*, and the *Marriner*,
The *Fisher*, *Waggoner*, and *Husbandman*,
The *Painter*, *Coryer*, and *Phyfitian*,
The *Poet*, *Lover*, and the *Advocate*,
“ The *Projector* too, that *cankor* of the *State*,
By our *soft potion* lul'd asleep before,
I'th' night their *daily bus'ness* shall act o're
In perfect figures ; not as when fools behold
Forms in the *doubtful twilight*, and grow bold
To judge them so as they do seem to be :
Or when the newly-risen *Moon* they see,
When through a sea of racking Clouds it steers
An even race ; nor do they clog mens ears
With any tedious discourse, or frame
(Though in a dream an *argument* that's *lame* :)
Fair *Structures* oftentimes they build in *verse*,
And in the morning *clearly* them *rehearse* :

g Monsters as the other.

Others

Others, do other things as clearly too
 That thou wouldst swear *sleep* here had *nought*:
 For 'tis not like the *drowsiness* gotten by (ca)
 The *deadly Poppy*, which the minde does tye
 In *Iron chains*, nor the disturbing shade
 Which is by the uncertain *Hemlock* made,
 Whose *weaker Geius* thrown ov'r the members, keepe
 Them nor *intirely awake* nor yet *asleep*.
 So good *Philemon* and his aged Spouse
 Th' unhappy *Baucis*, ("ev'r their simple house
 Was turn'd into a Temple) having made
 A Supper of^r them, by their shape betraid ^{r Hemlock}
 Thinking them *Parfneps*, when at night they spread
 Their weary limbs upon their humble bed,
 Nor *fully awake*, nor weight upon their eyes
 Enough to make them sleep, they both did rise,
 And through their cottage narrow entrance, quite
 Bereav'd of minde, they wandred in the night,
 Shaking with cold and horror till at last
 Having a great part of the time thus past)
 With *rough saluting* of the *Posts* half dead,
 Brought back their *Bruised limbs* unto their bed.
 But whom *Tabacos* clearer Spirit shall binde
 In *silken ties*, shall in the morning finde
 Both minde and body strong, and with delight
 Shall tell how quietly he pats d the night.
 Onely be sure he hath a prudent care
 He does not trade in *vile* and *common Ware*,
 Sophisticate

Sophisticate by Art, but naturall:

For the same goodnes doth not reach to all.

"He who desires to find out the *true breed*

"Of the *heroicall* and *generous weed*,

While 'tis i' th' *Leaf*, may thus his longing crown,

'Tis *sharp* and *thick*, i' th' *hand*, in the *eye brown*,

I' th' *nose* a *violet*, the root of *Tuscany*

Gives not so *large* and *rich* a *scent* as he.

Burn't in the *Pipe*, it will a *taste* disclose

Like *Castors Ragwort*, or our *Ladies rose*.

But the *thin limber leaf* *Bormuda* yeilds,

Or such as grows in the *Virginian fields*,

Regard it not, " but send it to the *Fen* :

And leave such hay unto the *beasts* of men.

For it doth *prick* the *tunicles* of the *eye*,

To the *pia mater* is an *emie* ;

Who drink shall *idle* be, unapt for *pains*,

A *lazinesse* shall creep through all their *veins*,

They shall be ever *yawning*, and above

All things they shall the *Chimny corner* love.

And except hunger raise them, take delight

To *snort* by th' *fire* till it be late i' th' *night*.

But O ye *sacred off-spring* of the *b Nine*,

(" *Whose birth, whose life, whose works are al divine*)

You who do dig from *Wisdomes Paper pits*,

Learnings bright Ore, and *fine* it with your *wits*,

y Symptomes of the best Tabaco. *z* Otherwise call'd the *rose* of *Jerusalem*. *a* The effects of ill Tabaco. *b* *Muses*.

Above all other men see yee do fly
 That ^c *Hucksters* mischief and damn'd villany;
 And found out by his Symptomes, without fail
 Send it to th' flames in grosse, not by retail.
 The *dainties* waisted from an other thore
 Some do adulterate while the deadly gore
 Of rank Goats (which a *Scythian's* Club did slay)
 They mingle with them; some an other way
 Do manifest injury to the noble weed,
 Dropping into 't the oyl of *Annis seed*,
 Or the less greazy *Fennell*, and to these
 To give 't a touch of *vitriol* some do please,
 Whereby a taste unto the tongue they gaine
 Much like the *sweetnesse* of a *Lybian Cane*.
 All these are *naught* and *womanish*; for he
 Who unto *nature* will adde *art*, must be
 At *natures mouth* instructed first; or shall
 Disturb the work, giving no help at all.
 Yet if thou wilt be wanton to thy praise,
 With a *light Chip* of the wood *Aloes*,
 Give fire unto thy *Pipe*, so shalt thou reap
 A fragrant savour spread through the whole heap:
 And with a gratefull odour chear the brain.

But above all things see that ye *refrain*
 The ^d *smoke* awhile; do not the *Pipe* repeat
 Too suddenly after y' have taken meat;

^c Bad and sophisticate Tabaco. ^d Take it not too suddenly after
 meat; it causeth too hasty a concoction;

For then the ^lCooke's at work, the ^mKitchen dore
 Close to them shut; Knock not too soon therefore
 At the upper gate, for fear he angry grow,
 And the half boyled dishes from him throw,
 Which to the guts convey'd with too much speed,
 Do windy murmurings in the belly breed,
 The happy quiet of the mind devoure,
 And from our *businessse* steal the precious hower.
 'Tis ^a alike dangerous with naked Head,
 With open roof, and chimney uncovered,
 To take the Smoke; for the cold air will then
 The pores being open, quickly pierce the skin,
 And suddenly reclose them, whence is bred
 To the hairs horreur, heavinesse to the head.
 Love not to drink't ^o alone, nor take thou pleasure
 To fill thy brain beyond his true just measure.
 With a *compnnion* take't; "if thou hast none,
 "Let Books or *businessse* act the part of one:
 "With comely pauses use't, in such a fashion,
 "That thou a Dialogue make't, not an Oration.
 To speak and do by turns the *Muses* love,
 And Nature surfets never did approve.
 At the first ^pgiddinesse thou feel'st, forbear;
 And for that time write thy *nil ultra* there:

^l The digestive heat in the stomach. ^m The mouth of the stomach.
^a Keep your head warm when you take it. ^o Take it not alone, or if
 you do, let there be pauses interpolated. ^p When to leave.

And if it vanish not, for help repair
To a draught of *beer*, or to the open *air*,
And suddenly the *Tumult* sha l be staid,
And by a little art the *Tempest* laid.

“To close up all, take this for thy last ground,
“Study thine own *Dimensions*, and having found
The *measure* of thy head, turn then about
In thine own *sphere*, seek not thy self *without* :

For who obiers the *Laws* of *Nature*, he
Shall be *sound*, *wise*, and *fortunate* to me.
Thus the * *old man* in his discourse did play,
While *Bacchus* Lords, as on their backs they lay,
Did silent hang upon the speakers tongue. * *Silenus*

The *vertues* they had learn'd, but still they long
Of such a *noble herb* to know the *breed*,
The *Art* of *Planting*, and the *choyce* o' th' *seed* :
But good *Silenus* stammering for thirst,
And withall *drowsie* too, none of them durst
Intreat him to proceed ———

For *Wine*, for *Wine*, a calling he did keep,
And having *largely drunke*, he fell *asleep*.
What he hath left imperfect shall now be
Our work to finish though as *dry* as he.

“Your *gentle gales* and *influence* we want,

“Who are *true lovers* of the *honour'd Plant* :

“For though far short of his high sounding *strife*

“We'll now the *Georgicks* of *Tabaco* sing.

First, that the Harvest answer may the pain,
 From off a *lusty stock* a ^k *plump seed* gain,
 Whose *leaf* is long and *thick*: *side-slips* despise,
 The best doth still from the *main branch* arise.

The next care is the ^l *Place*, an Herb so strong,
 By a *hungry soyl* cannot be nourish'd long.
 In *heartly grounds* it *thrives*; and takes delight,
 (Like to the *Vine*) where the *Glebe* is full of *might*.
Fair Hills he loves, and fields that pleasant ly
 Towards the *warm South* in the *Suns bright ey*:
 Where th' *Earth* is *light*, no *mosse* by nature laid,
 No binding *clay*, nor *Marle* to check the *spade*;
 And where the *valiant furrows* hard and dry,
 Suffer the rending *Plow-shears* cruelty.

When thou hast found a *soyl thus rich*, take heed
 Thou dost not ^m *twice* in one *place* sow thy *seed*:
 For with the *first birth* all that's good doth come
 Leaving behind nought but a *barren wombe*.
 Change every year thy *earth*, for thy wandering *guest*
 Prepare new *seats*, so shall thy *furrows* rest,
 And a new *Genius* gain. The field being found,
 Let none be cunninger to till the *ground*
 In his *right season*; In one *small hole* shut
ⁿ *Three seeds* or more, in equall spaces put,
 That Nature may (like to a loving mother)
 Give equall *portions* as to one to th' other:

^k The choice of the seed. ^l The soyl. ^m Sow not two years together in one place. ⁿ The manner of Planting.

So though some prove for *Mice* or *Moles* a feast,
 Thou maist preserve a hope yet in the rest.
 But if they prosper all, and thou dost see
 Their multitude will their destruction bee,
 "Drive then all foolish pity from thy heart ;
 Take from the number, act a *Thracian's* part;
 That, having room, the better it may thrive,
 Of many *Brothers*, leave but one alive.
 When the fat soyl and *Sun's* drawn out in length,
 Toth' leaves ranknesse give, to the stock strength;
 Then is thy time, the lower boughs cut down,
 That greater verities may the other crown.

◦ Reap not too soon; when the leaves turned are,
 And the seed grows blaek within his bowle, prepare:
 Thy knives, and let thy weapons ready stand,
 For know the noble *Vintage* is at hand.

Close to your *Prayers* ye honourers of the smoke,
 And with your best devotions see y' invoke (need
 The *Heavens* for smiles: fair weather now we
 For showers t' th' leaf do no less damage breed,
 Then doth a wet *September* to ripe grapes,
 When it is gather'd, half thy labour's done;
 Yet flig not here, with equall courage run
 Through that behind : thy industry, thy cost,
 If thou shalt fail in the last act, are lost.

Take 'special care of the two things remain.
 First from the leaf the watry humour drain,

◦ The time when to gather it.

(Cor-

(Corruptions Parent) else thou shalt inherit
For thy *leaves dung*. Next let the *fiery spirit*
Which sleeping does in the fat oyl lie hid, (spread.
Be awak'd, and *rouz'd*, and through each vein be
That therefore on the Herb no spoil be made
By the *thirsty Sun-beams* dry it in the *shade*,
On small cords hung : then take it down and lay
It on a *heap* together, that it may
From the bottom *heat* and *rise*, & from thence dart
The hidden vertue to each outward part ;
So shalt the heap grow warm, swell, sweat & smoke,
And fire too if the *meeting* be not broke.
Be sure you do dissolve the *Diet* then,
And when dispersed, hang them up agen.
This Method use, till by *heating* it be made
Active, and by the *drying* fixt and *staid*.
And that on neither hand thou wander wide,
Let thine own eyes and reason be thy guide :
For as the *line* too *little*, in like sort
That of *too much* unto perfection's short :
In a *just measure* Nature takes delight.

But if an error happen, set it right
Not with the *burning wine*, *salt pickle*, not
With *Hony*, least of all by th' *Chamber-pot*;
Such *trash* as this your *Hucksters* use, who prize
Above the *health*, the *smell* o' th' *Merchandize*.
From the *Herb* it self expect thy *aid*, presse then
The *juice* from out the *courser leaves*, which when
A cleanly & wholsom way to recover decaid Tabaco. The

The gathering was, did scape the careless hand,
And o're the *coals* see it doth *boyling* stand.

In which "*Medeas Tub* dip thy * *old Swain*,

And he (like *Aeson*) shall turn *young* again.

Let these suffice to board with't, blesse thy Lot,

For now thou hast an ample *treasure* got,

Which to the *Planter* large revenue brings,

To th' *Merchants Chests*, and *Custom-house* of
Physitians peradventure curse it fore, (Kings.

For making *Annumes* healthfull, and them poore,

And it sometimes affords (such things will bee)

To the *Crows* a *Dinner* from the *Gallow tree*;

When poor *knaves* buy't, and so do fondly spend

Their coin and *houres* given them for better end.

But while we see a fair and happy day

To th' good and frugal, they who' will perish, may:

And he who shall an offer'd *Gemme* deny,

May that man live to want it e're he dy.

From whom a *ship* at *sea*, a *suit* in *law*,

A *scolding wife*, or an ill *debtour* draw

Sleep from the eyes, and *quiet* from the *mind*,

In the gentle leaf he a soft *truce* may find;

And for the gift, giv't the *deserved meed*.

What swelling words against the *noble weed*

The *peevish* man may vomit (too unkind!)

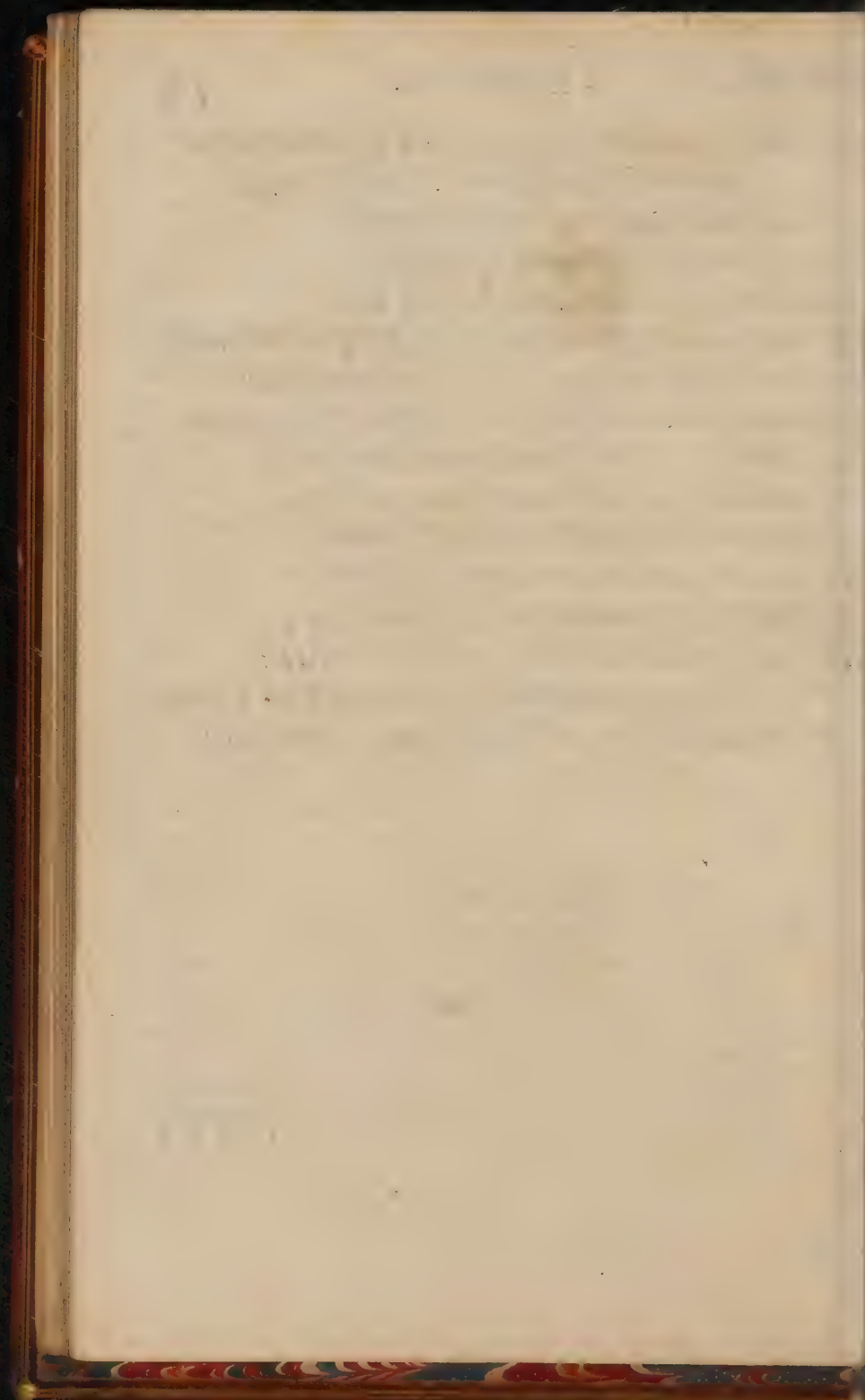
We to the *waves* commit them and the *wind*.

* Decrepid Tabaco.

Let it be *damn'd* to *Hell*, and call'd from thence
Proserpines Wine, the *Furies Frankincense*,
The *Devils addle egges*, or else to these,
A sacrifice grim *Pluto* to appease,
A deadly weed which it's beginning had
From the foam of *Cerberus* when the *Cur* was mad.
We at the *Titles* laugh; praise, and proclaime
The wideness of the Bore from whence they came.
Pretty *Poetick Styles*! and when we please
With the like *Art* we can return all these.
If any lover of the Truth shall now
What is by me here written, disallow,
'Gainst my opinion let his reasons fight;
His arguments let him commit to white:
“So, without hate did *Monopolies*, run (done.
“A course to make *Paper dear*, as we have

The End.

CHEI-



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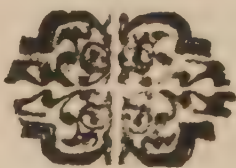
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be sold a
An

CHEIMONOPEGNION
OR, A
WINTER SONG
BY
RAPHAEL THORIVS:
Newly
TRANSLATED.



L O N D O N,
Printed by T. N. for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to
be sold at his shop at the sign of the *Princes*
Arms in *S^t Pauls Churchyard*, 1651.

MEMORANDUM

1871

THE SONG

BY

JOHN THOMAS

REVISED



NEW YORK

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., 15 N. 2d St. N. Y.
1871



RAPHAEL THORIVS
TO
CONSTANTINE HUGGIN
Knight, &c.

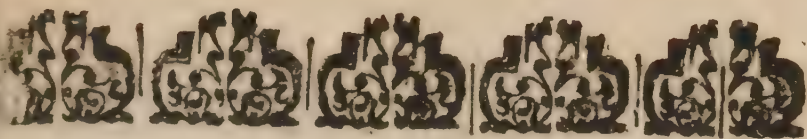


Know not most renowned Sir, what *Pha-*
bean distempers move you to hale me
thus willing-unwilling, to the perfor-
mance of your Poetick vows. This surely
is a force, yet I must yeild *Enav & Exorn* *Thore*. It is but
lately since the learned *Kinschot* received from me
that which now by the violence of love you strive to
extort from me. Some 8 days ago I sent to him both
parts of our Tabaco Hymn. Let it come forth when
you please; but remember to keep the Authour
harmless again the Masters of manners, to whom
perhaps the sleightness of the argument may appear
ridiculous. I have in store notwithstanding things
more grave and solid both Ethic and Theologic. So
that if these preludiums find acceptance, I shall not
refuse to put them also forth to open view, relying
on

on the good *omen* of your judgement, that what
ever happens on either part may be to you impor-
ted. In the mean while, because the Die is throw
and the Bolt is shot, according to your request,
send a third Piece not far different from the two
former, nor much disagreeing from the season
is *Winter*, which if it be cold, let it be pardoned for
its own names sake. Let it accompany *Patum* to
follow it as is most convenient. If it be acceptable
to you, *Rutgersius*, *Heinsius*, and *Kinschot*, I shall
congratulate, yet perhaps envy the happiness of the
off-spring, which the father with so much earnestness
desires. Therefore if it may be good and lucky to
the Common-wealth, let our Poem see the light
that the merry may be more merry, and the sad may
find recreation. Certainly, the nature of men is
strange to whom in their old age youthfull pastimes
are delightfull, in greatest dangers mirth and wine
are acceptable. Seeing therefore they be only sawces
and not meat, I hope they may deserve pardon with
men whose old age is not too severe. Farewell.

London, Feb. 26. 1625.

IN



IN
HYEMEM

Do&iff. R. Thorii
D. M.

Sic Medicè decuit, sic se curasse Britannè,
Post fumos nidore frui, meliore culina
Post lachrymas, avidaque irritamenta saliva.
En ego me, THORI, convivam sisto, vel umbram,
Qualem cunque vocas; juvat in tot fercula fundi,
Et faciem variare gula; juvat esse lepores
Et lepores; juvat omne tuis condire meracis,
Brumalésque dies, niveas, te iudice, noctes,
Noctibus & dubias confundere solibus umbras.
Tu modo livor ades, nec prandia disce Galeni
Semper fatida, nec puta Permesside semper
Pascier, aut solo vesci nidore Poetam.
Hem! tales nec aqua pariunt, nec adæmnia Brumæ.

CONSTANTER. .



In ejusdem

H Y E M E M.

Fumus habet finem, nec enim omnis nubibus isfus
Discedit conviva satur, diversa palatis
Diversis sapiunt; hic apponuntur amicis
Brumales epulae, doctis sermonibus hora
Falluntur, solvit, sua per convivia, frigus
Thorius, & ventrem pariter cum lumine pascit.
Non opus est dapibus, arvisve panatibus oret,
More suo, veniam, dat condimenta palato
Grata omni, novit quibus est jus aptius herbis.
O utinam, Thorii, vestris mihi posse daretur
Colloquiisque frui, lautiisque accumbere mensis!
Nil ego contulerim tam docto sanus amico.
Fallor! an & mensis adsum conviva secundis,
Hoc erat in votis, caenantes inter amicos
Dulce mihi furere est, nec enim magis ulla palato
Grata datur, quam quae condita leporibus, ejca.

LUD. à KINSCHOT.

(I)



CHEIMONOPEGNION

O R,

A Winter Song.

Great Bards that wont to haunt the springs ere-
Whō now the cold hath sent into exile, (while,
Or starving want doth urge to beg their meat
With waiting Verse from men grown rich & great,
If there be yet who live at ease and free,
From this unfortunate calamitie,
Whose breasts are still inspir'd, hear me rehearse
Far from my native soil a Frozen Verse.
Fierce is the cold and our *Apollo* freezeth,
Wanting what with the season sharp agreeth,
Who long perhaps may rap the great mans gate,
Before he will his case commiserate ;
Did not my son by his own pains supply'd,
To fill the lean and empty gaps provide,
With bruised Parsenips swimming all in Butter,
While Apples hot before the fier sputter ?
And when the Winter deep with hard'ned Ice
Our Cupboard poor with open war defies,

F

He

He takes his Fathers Harp, and by the fire,
With pleasing sounds our numm'd will doth inspire:

The northwind blows, the hills are white, the rivers
Above the banks, day is made dark with snow, (flow
The Sun i' th' clouds doth wrap his frozen head,
Hasting amain unto his Southern bed ;
While *Luna* strives to' expel the tedious night,
A task too difficult for her weak light.

Congealed Ificles hang on the beard,
With wind the eyes do weep, the teeth are heard
To chatter in the mouth, and raging cold
In such sad pain the fingers ends doth hold,
That though hot gales the breath upon them blows
They dare not higher mount to cleanse the nose.

Boy, leave thy sliding, lest thy slippery flower
Deceive thy feet, and in an evill hower
Thy pate and crupper feel the banging force
Of an astounding fall, or which is worse,
Lest on a sudden thy disjoynted thigh
Be put to need the Surgeons Geometrie.
Cast wood upon the fire, thy loyns gird round
With warmer clothes, and let the tosts abound
In close array embattel'd on the Hearth ;
And that there may not want t' increase our mirth
Bring a low table to the scorching flame;
Let Colworts first the raging stomach tame,
That swell with copious lard or churned cream,
And smoking hot do yeild a wholesome steam ;

(3)

Or else the globy Cabbage Plowmans fare ;
 Mustard that bites for the foul nose prepare,
 With Cretan wine free from the bottome dregs ;
 Then bring well-larded Collops fri'd with Eggs;
 Next with her belly stuffe a tender Hen,
 Not loosely fat, but well fed from the Pen,
 Which in her wōb doth numerous off-spring bear.
 Then fat with hungry winter let appear
 The royall Pheasant steaming in the platter,
 Or Partridge neatly drest in wine and water.
 Now where's the Woodcock in whose tail doth rest
 More wisdome then in either brain or brest ?
 Come boy, not yet doth the froze wine return
 To its liquid substance, yet the flame doth burn
 About the Flagon; are we tortur'd thus
 With the sad pains of longing *Tantalus* ?
 To hear the pot before the fier his,
 Yet be athirst? Patience a vertue is.
 But friends accuse the hard congealing frost,
 Say not the cause was in your pinching Host.
 The hair-brain'd Frenchmans constitution neither
 Can brook the summers heat or winters weather;
 But give me Sack, for that despiseth cold,
 And cures the imperfections of the old,
 If he the noble liquor largely quasse,
 Then bid thy sad friend drink, twil make him laugh.
 Yet too much is imperious in the brain,
 And like a tyrant doth command and reign.

(4)

Heark hither Fill-cup, seest thou not there plac'd
 A man with purple nose and ruby-fac'd,
 On his left ear his cap a to-side hanging
 Like one in raging wrath and fury brangling?
 To him more sparingly remember still
 The potent liquour, nor so oft, to fill.

Come friends and let the Academic dull-men
 Handle the thorny questions of the school-men.
 Let us our heavy minds from care release,
 For we from Heav'n enjoy this happy ease;
 Now ought we use those gifts which mother earth
 Providing for the winter hath brought forth.
 In vain we spend the howers in melancholy;
 Enough severe *Chrysippus*; for the jolly
Teian aires this season better fit;
 Nothing more tedious then a drousie wit.
 Some junkets now for the fierce appetite,
 New warres upon the table doth excite.
 'Gainst winters hunger nothing will prevail,
 Which makes the wolfe to howl, the dog to wail.
 Young men behold how the first seasons fear
 The following frosts, and how the fruitfull year
 Heaps up together all her plenteous store
 To fill the craving belly; thus before
 Old age approach, wise nature teacheth youth,
 That foolish pleasure vainly he pursu'th, (tain'd,
 Till he wealth, learning, off-spring, honour have at-
 That when his fatall hower is ordain'd,

His

(5)

His aged mind from cares may be releast.
 A house for winter-age requireth rest ;
 I need no blocks to heave me on a Horse,
 To sit congeal'd to his sides, as on the Gorse
 Of the high Alpes, they say, armies were frore
 To th' Earth like stones, that they could march no
 Nor on the sea to venter is my will. (more.)
 Though *Drakes* assisting fortune, or his skill
 Should give me promise of the wealthy spoil
 That *Cadize* fleet brings from the golden soil,
 Or great *Ragozzi* dum with a squinance,
 Should write me heir to his cold inheritance.

Now the warm Stover of *Westphalia*,
 With stones and curses seeks to drive away
 The early travellers that mail'd in ice
 All means with prayers and threatnings do devise
 To make him leave his warm couch, oft deni'd,
 And the fat boss-breech steaming by his side,
 He having thaw'd their joynts, & warm'd their fur,
 Crams them again, though lazily they stir,
 Thick into a cart, to wander on the plain,
 And number the *Bear* stars, or *Charles*'s wain.
 In this alone well skilld', else empty fangs
 In what to human ornament belongs.

As much too wise the Hollander appears,
 Whose labours have been great for many years,
 Lest any one before him should be thought
 Into the VVest hot Pepper to have brought ;

(6)

To the North Pole his steddý stern he guides,
While rands of ice do thwack the vessels sides ;
And all the tedious night the ice he wounds,
Endeavouring to remove great natures bounds :
Thus while he hews his passage through the deep
The penetrating cold begins to creep
Close to his heart, when loth to give his Corse
Unto the greedy VVhale or wild Sea-horse,
He leaves the narrow ship, and coming out,
Rambles the marble Ocean all about :
Straight to the Coasts where lasting cold abides,
Hunger him leads, not having other guides ;
Thus while he shuns the Hills of hardned snow,
He is immur'd where he avoids to go.
Now is he food for bears, bears now his food,
And roasted weezels if there want not wood ;
Sometimes he licks a foxes chine, and lest
Joy should be absent from so great a feast,
They shout when one of their companions
By them made chief o'th' frozen regions,
Takes off his bowle of half congealed sack.
Thus they expect the Suns returning back,
Among the desert Caves and snowy Hils,
Spending the long nights sore against their wils ;
Till *Phæbus* thaw the far resounding sea,
That they may home repass with specious plea,
To shew their half ears, and their ruin'd noses,
No longer fit for handkerchiefs or posies;

Al

(7)

And tell their hard adventures by the fire,
While their friends hear and hear, and more desire,
And all the time the crackling chesnuts roast,
And each man hath his cup, and each his toast.

Who now can travell? scarcely in the town
A man can walk with safety up and down,
So furious doth the North-wind swagger,
The wals, unless I reel, do seem to stagger.
Drink friends, with sack calm *Boreas* wild, (mild;
For moistning shows do make the fierce winds
In a sad case is he that opes his dore,
Unless the whirlwinds wings be clipt before.
Hark how the stony hail doth battering fall,
Let no man then before his Fates do call,
Run headlong to his end; yet if there be
Any compell'd by their necessitie,
Let him but so long stay his hasty journey,
Untill some one can fetch the next Atturny
To have his Will writ fair and seal'd with witness;
And being then in such a ready fitness,
Let him be gon; yet since unarm'd he goes,
To keep him from the thick-descending blowes,
Let him this head-piece don, that in the dust
Hath hung forgotten, brown with twelve years rust.
Uncertain are the gifts of Nature here,
Together pleasures dwell and drouping fear;
There be who for their bodies only care,
For their souls safety others do prepare.

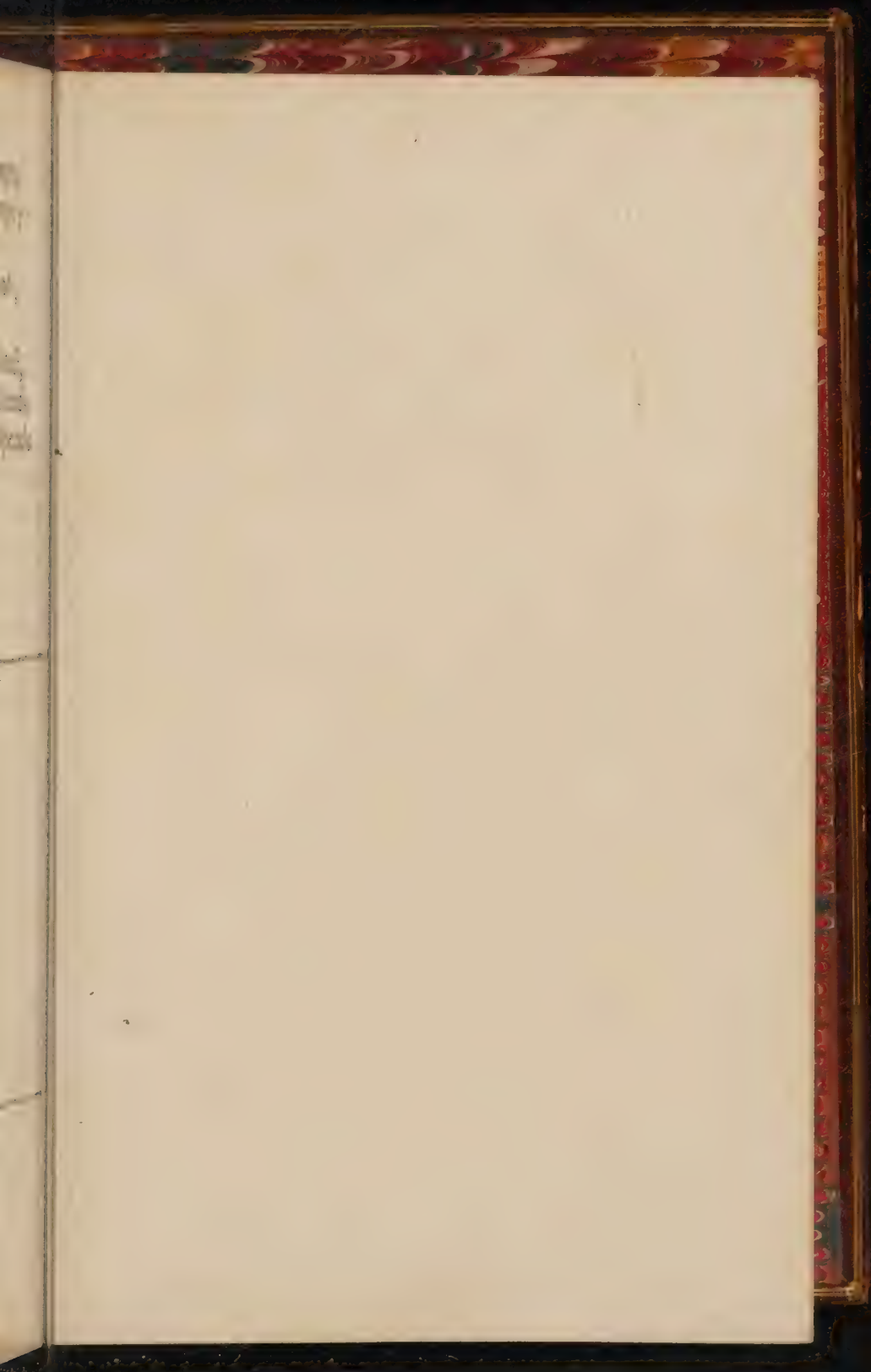
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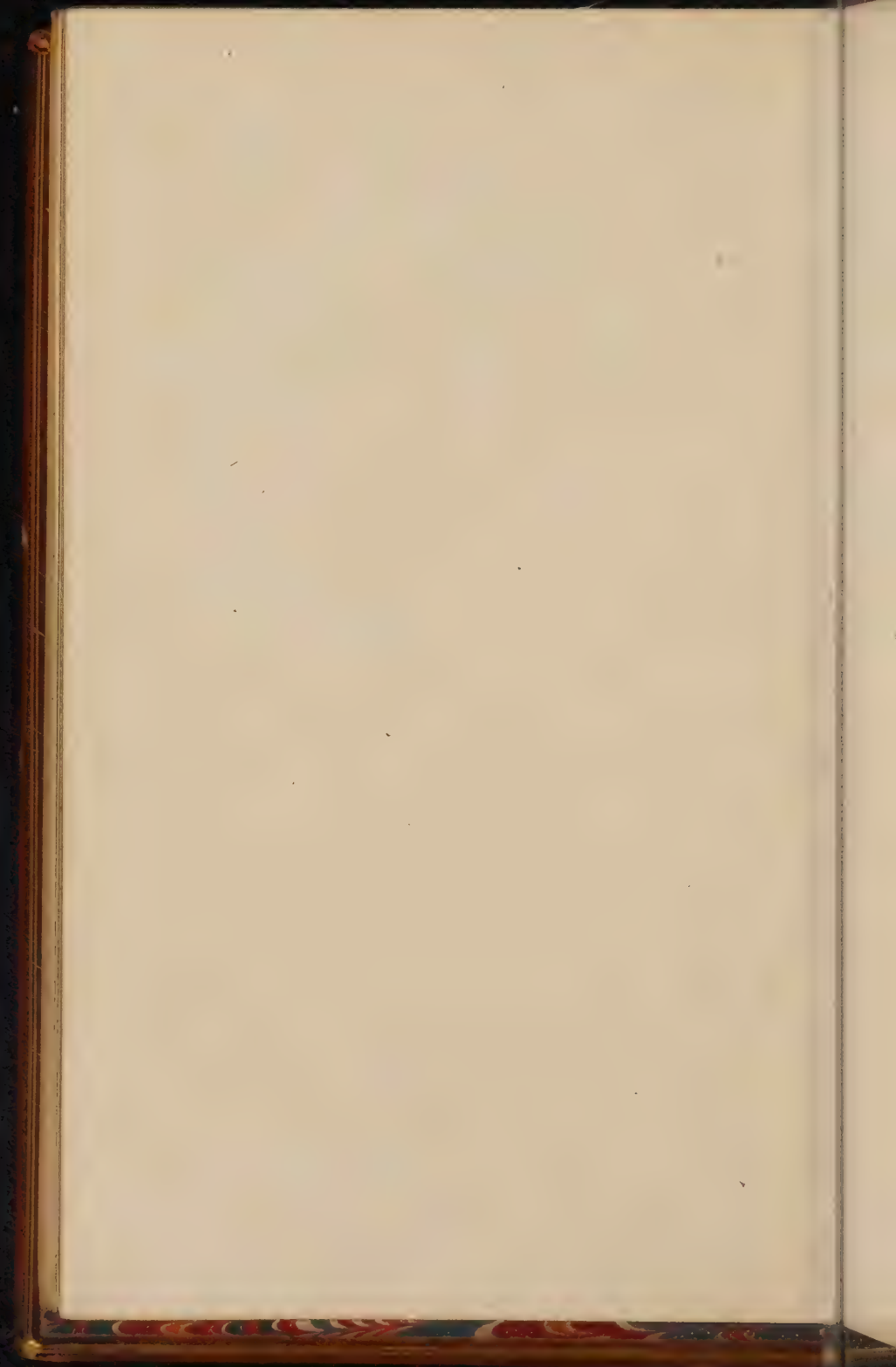
(8)

In peace fair *Britain* joys, but *Gallia* weeps,
In civill bloud his sword the *Norman* steeps ;
Now silent is the air, now to the ground
Vast towers tumble with a dreadfull sound ;
Afflicted goes the poor man to his rest,
But you whom plenty hath from cares releast,
Enjoy your fires, warm beds, and merry friends,
He fears not cold who thus the VVinter spends.

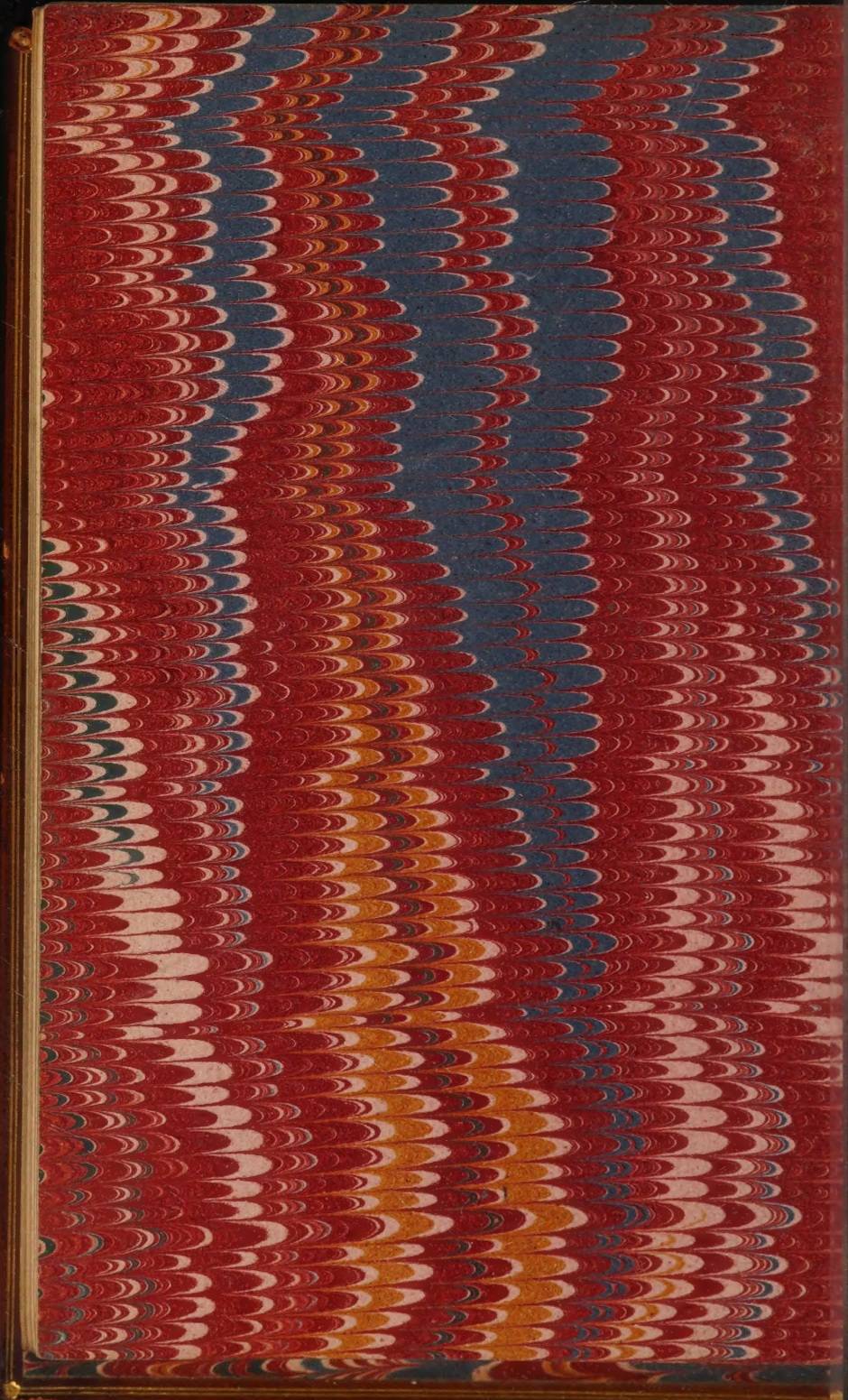
F I N I S.







hosgo



NEER
AMARU
MUSEUM
PUBLISHED
BY THE
MUSEUM



The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is decorated with a dense, repeating pattern of wavy, horizontal lines in shades of red, orange, and blue, creating a marbled effect. A thin gold border is visible around the edges of the cover. In the bottom left corner, there is a small, rectangular label with text that reads: KERR & RICHARDSON, WHOLESALE STATIONERS & BOOKSELLERS, 89 QUEEN ST, GLASGOW.

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